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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

STAR WARS WHIZ KIDS

"I am become death, the shatterer of worlds." So J. Robert Oppenheimer recalled Krishna's apocalyptic vision in his diary for July 16, 1945, after seeing history's first atomic explosion, which he had helped create. Oppenheimer's colleagues in Alamogordo, New Mexico, were seized with a similar dread and tormented by remorse when they beheld the horror they had loosed on the planet. Their good intentions—to end World War II and secure a permanent peace—were destroyed by the realization that enormous evil would come of their science.

Apocalypse then has given way to career opportunities now. A new generation of atomic physicists is at work in the rad lab, feverishly creating third-generation nuclear engines of devastation and resurrecting the old good intentions to soothe modern critical consciences.

"Nowadays, I would be quite willing to go and do full-time weapons work because I see the vast possibilities," Ph.D. candidate Lawrence West, who has a job at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, told *The New York Times*. "My primary interest is not trying to find better ways to kill people but better ways to kill arms."

Although the world shatterers featured in *The Times* are not war lovers, they are technology junkies, captivated by the allure of applied science and adept at the art of rationalizing their doubts. But their arguments have the moral sophistication of the bumper-sticker assertion that guns don't kill people. This makes them perfect candidates for President Reagan's Star Wars weapons research. Along with unlimited R&D funds, Reagan has given them the existential wherewithal to do their work: uncritical patriotism, unbridled careerism and the mystique of success. For now, they are the new generation of heroes. But what will their diaries say on the day after?

THE BAXTER BACKLASH
Jay Angoff

SURINAME'S ZIGZAG REVOLUTION
Clifford Krauss

OUR NATIONAL DEBT: A STORY
Max Apple

SPAIN'S SOCIALISTS
Lucy Komisar

WASHINGTON IRVING
Robert F. Sayre

LOUIS SIMPSON'S POETRY
Richard Tillinghast

THE VAN NUYS CAMPAIGN

WORKERS AND COMMUNITY TAKE ON G.M.

ERIC MANN

A plant closing is a severe economic blow to a town. In October 1982, workers at the General Motors plant in Van Nuys, California, were confronted with the prospect of a closure. But we fought back. We organized the Campaign to Keep G.M. Van Nuys Open. And we did more than talk. We used political and economic tactics, mobilizing community support, threatening a boycott of G.M. cars in the Los Angeles area if the company shut down the plant. The fate of the Van Nuys plant is still in doubt, but the campaign has made management listen. On January 23 the Labor/Community Coalition, made up of workers and concerned citizens, had its first meeting with G.M. president F. James MacDonald—part of a series of discussions to try to head off a plant closing at Van Nuys and a boycott of G.M. products in Los Angeles. Whatever the outcome of those talks, the Van Nuys campaign is an example of what workers faced with a similar situation in their town should do.

At a campaign rally last October 22, more than 500 workers and community leaders filled the union hall of United Auto Workers Local 645 to demand that G.M. executives meet with them. They heard actor Edward Asner praise them for not knuckling under to pressure from one of the nation's biggest corporations. "America's countryside is littered with the shattered hulks of corporate America's broken promises," Asner said, warning the workers not to swallow G.M.'s public assurances—or be frightened by its private threats.

Also on the dais were the Rev. Luis Olivares from Los Angeles's largest Catholic church, "La

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LETTERS.

SMEARING GEORGE MOSCONE

San Francisco

In "The Milk-Moscone Case Revisited" [*The Nation*, Jan. 14], Paul Krassner does a dirty little smear job on George Moscone, the San Francisco Mayor assassinated by Dan White (minutes later White assassinated gay Supervisor Harvey Milk).

Krassner, without explanatory context, injects an allegation made by a newspaper that "Moscone had called off a police investigation of gunrunning" by Jim Jones's People's Temple. He also tosses in a charge that the district attorney at the time was guilty of covering up a voting fraud involving the People's Temple.

Krassner thus implies that White's double assassination was in some way related to (and justified by?) those allegations involving the People's Temple.

George Moscone was a good mayor, a decent, compassionate man and politician. Krassner has written a disjointed and would-be cutesy collection of anecdotes. *Nation* readers deserve a far better "revisit" to those two political assassinations and their consequences for San Francisco and for the criminal justice system. *Doris Brin Walker*

KRASSNER REPLIES

San Francisco

Walker is correct. My explanatory context was edited out by *The Nation*. That section on Jonestown originally concluded with the following sentence: "Dan White was not a hit man for the People's Temple, but he might just as well have been, for once the murders occurred, there would never be an investigation of the fatal corruption at City Hall." *Paul Krassner*

SPIRITS IN MARLEY'S WORLD

New York City

I would like to thank George DeStefano for his thoughtful review of my book *Catch a Fire: The Life of Bob Marley*, in the January 21 issue of *The Nation* ["Marley as Messiah"]. However, I take exception to his contention that the biography "casts Marley in the role of a Third World Jesus," etc. The point of *Catch a Fire*, as explained at length in the preface and the introduction to the book, is to distill and evoke what the many people around Marley believed, as played out against the backdrop of Jamaican history and culture in his time.

Do duppies (evil spirits) exist? Could Haile Selassie possibly be God? Was Bob Marley a prophet, as his family believes? I don't seek to ratify such beliefs, only to esteem them, and let readers enjoy the process of making up their minds about such things.

Once readers are thoroughly acquainted with the sober facts in the introduction—that Marcus Garvey did not endorse Selassie either politically or religiously, how Jamaican country superstition found its way into Marley's music, and so much more—I encourage them to step through the looking glass and explore a unique world on the terms of the people who inhabit it. The book, moreover, is not a music book—although those seeking a complete musical history can turn to the forty-six-page era-by-era discography in the back of the book, the only authoritative compilation in existence.

Since mine is the sole full-length book on Marley published—another is due in the spring—it's fated to be a Rorschach test. One viewer sees a bogeyman, another sees a kindred spirit. Perhaps that's as it should be. Marley's favorite book was the most uncanny, controversial and mystifying ever written: the Bible. *Timothy White*

FASHIONING A LITERARY THEORY

New Brunswick, N.J.

Lennard J. Davis's review of Terry Eagleton's *Literary Theory* ["Does Literature Exist?" *The Nation*, Jan. 21] misses the point. Eagleton contests the notion that something called literature can be defined apart from other kinds of writing. His argument is not that we should study popular culture in itself, rather that we should cease to elevate certain texts to the rank of the poetic or inspired, holding some higher form of Truth than those whose language we view as merely functional, ordinary. Any attempt to fix distinctions between literary and nonliterary works is thus misleading, elitist, retrograde. Davis's claim that most studies of popular culture have not been intellectually or politically radical supports the stance of *Literary Theory*, since such studies rest upon the very distinctions Eagleton denies.

Worse than that misunderstanding is the flip and patronizing tone Davis uses to speak of both Eagleton's book and literary theory itself. Davis views literary theory as little more than a game of cultural one-upmanship, a battling of trivia in which the goal is to keep one step ahead of the latest intellectual fad. Thus he dismisses Eagleton's "Marxist guide to literary criticism" as yet one more accouterment to the sort of middle-class life style already cluttered with Sony Walkmans and personal computers. And so he also suggests with a sneer that the uninitiated read *Literary Theory* "without its polemical side," as a handbook of what is new and fashionable in criticism.

Yet it is only when one somehow ignores the polemical side of an openly political book like *Literary Theory* that it can be turned into the sort of training manual for cultural *arrivistes* whom Davis seems so much to disdain. Indeed, the value of *Literary Theory* lies in its contentiousness, in the ways it refuses to serve as a Cook's tour of the latest styles in criticism. Rather, Eagleton has written a kind of anti-textbook, which does not pretend to be a disinterested guide to literary thought but surveys the field in support of its position. *Literary Theory* has much more to tell us about the uses not only of literature but of *writing* than a reader of Davis's review might ever guess. *Joseph Harris*

DAVIS REPLIES

New York City

I didn't intend to suggest that we should study only popular culture. In fact my review says that Eagleton includes "all types of writing and representation—films, textbooks, legal briefs, advertisements, product warranties" among other things. If I did refer to popular culture it was because that is a good deal of what Eagleton suggests as an expanding topic for literary criticism: children's television, popular romance, avant-garde films, commercials, *The Muppet Show*, Bob Dylan songs.

The problem that Harris has is perhaps sociological. In England the mention of such popular topics would immediately signal Eagleton's interest in Birmingham University and the work of a group of radicals, including Stuart Hill, who teach there. In America, on the other hand, popular culture means Bowling Green with its somewhat more conservative flavor. Eagleton creates confusion by not translating his shorthand references for the American edition.

As for my flip and patronizing tone, I'd suggest that most of the sneers Harris finds have been inferred by him. I *liked* Eagleton's book, but like many of my friends and colleagues, I have trouble with all the implications of his conclusions. Harris shows a certain academic provincialism in his amazement that literary theory might be "little more than a game of one-upmanship." We might want to entertain the idea that literary theory is simply not the most useful or even serious discourse of the age. I find remarkably naïve his confidence that because criticism is dissolving the boundary between "literature" and other kinds of writing, a revolutionary politics is soon to follow. Simply dissolving that boundary will have little effect in the real world—especially if literary theory continues to be written for a limited and elite audience. What is good about Eagleton's book is that it tries to reach out to a general reader; Harris wants to pull them back into the vortex of critical obfuscation in which academic Marxist writing has been stuck for too many years.

Lennard J. Davis

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

A New Coalition

President Reagan's announcement that he will run for re-election has been greeted with the kind of reverence usually reserved for news of the elevation of popes or the investiture of emperors. Even the Democrats are eager to appear properly deferential: Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill and party leader Robert Strauss publicly welcomed Reagan to the race, suggesting that his very presence would ennoble an otherwise mundane contest. There were only a few discordant notes: *Time* snidely slugged its cover story "There He Goes Again," and Dan Rather found it amusing to remind viewers that Reagan would be 78 years old at the end of his second term, an age at which Winston Churchill was "senile" but still presiding over the declining British Empire.

Dire health predictions aside, the early betting is clearly on Reagan. His strength seems to be derived not only from the triumphs of Reaganism, such as are claimed, or from his own coy charisma but from the confused and cluttered state of Democratic politics as the primary season begins. The problem is not simply the unappetizing menu of candidates. That's neither unusual nor necessarily disastrous. The greatest danger for the Democrats is that no consensus is developing about a central strategy for the campaign, an organizing political principle the candidate will use to de-elect the President.

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There are two realistic possibilities. The first, which has the weight of tradition and the power of precedent behind it, would direct the Democratic candidates into the onrushing mainstream with the object of capturing a significant number of previously Republican voters. Democrats rarely have trouble following such a plan; they enjoy taking unexceptionable positions on the issues which the media deem important: national security, budget balancing, economic growth, the future of Social Security and world peace. Their campaigns consist of claims that they can engage those matters better than their Republican opponents. The target in that case is the bloc of "swing voters"—the 15 percent or 25 percent that is said to make up its mind in the final days of the race.

The swing voters swung to Reagan en masse in the fall of 1980, and by all indications they are solidly in the President's camp. Indeed, they probably account for the phenomenal popularity Reagan enjoys in the public opinion polls this winter. Accordingly, it is unlikely that they can be won away from the President. They are not necessarily Republicans (they split their tickets for Democrats in state and local races), but they have made a commitment to Reagan which will be hard to break.

The second strategy is fraught with uncertainty but it seems appropriate, tactically and morally, to 1984 politics. It would station the Democratic candidate at the head of a movement made up of the several distinct voting constituencies that remain outside the Reagan coalition: blacks, Hispanics and other minorities, women, union members, gays, environmentalists, old people, welfare recipients, the poor. There's no question that if enough of them went to the polls, they could push any Democrat way over Reagan's highest possible vote. Jesse Jackson, whose campaign is based on such an idea, recites figures to show that there are enough unregistered black voters in key states to reverse Reagan's 1980 landslide victory.

The important thing, of course, is to accept a strategy and stick with it. Fudging won't work; a candidate would have to be true to the anti-Reagan movement he leads in order to motivate voters to register, contribute, work and vote for him. To do that, he has to make waves and make enemies. The candidate cannot successfully mobilize unregistered Southern blacks without risking the enmity of some Southern whites; he cannot energize working people without antagonizing corporate captains, or excite urban renters without threatening urban landlords. The candidate would have to write off the Reagan vote and rely on the power of his grass-roots coalition.

The risk is that the written-off voters will be permanently lost, that it will be more difficult for Democrats to engage in a centrist campaign in the future. But the gains are more tempting. The strategy could help rebuild the weak and unmotivated Democratic Party with a popular and populist coalition—a newer New Deal. It's not, after all, such a wild idea in American politics. Ronald Reagan made a movement and led it to victory three years ago. He called it a majority, but the figures suggest he was fooling, and a new majority is still out there waiting to be built.

Peru's 'Dirty War'

Two incidents occurred in Peru late last year that illustrate the potential for disaster if that country cannot find a way to cope with political violence.

On November 13, thirty-two people were massacred near the village of Soccos in the Andean region of Ayacucho, part of the zone that has been placed under emergency military rule in an effort to combat Sendero Luminoso ("Shining Path"), a bizarre guerrilla movement that combines Incan mysticism and "Gang of Four" Maoism. Peruvian authorities attributed the massacre to Sendero, but it turned out that the perpetrators were the *sinchis*, a group of police officers renowned for their brutality, who are being used to fight the guerrillas. Apparently, some *sinchis* attending a wedding party got drunk, were told to leave and responded by shooting several people. Then they killed the remaining guests so there would be no witnesses, and manufactured the story of a massacre.

A month later, in attempting to break out of Lurigancho Prison in Lima, ten prisoners armed with homemade knives seized a group of hostages, among them nuns who did social work at the facility. After drawn-out negotiations with prison officials, the prisoners and their hostages were allowed to leave in an ambulance provided by the authorities. After they had gone a short distance, police opened fire on the ambulance, killing eight prisoners and one hostage, Joan Sawyer, an American. Luci Vasquez, a young Peruvian employee of the Catholic Bishops' Social Action Commission, was critically wounded.

I was in Peru when the Lurigancho breakout took place, and I discussed it with Minister of Justice Ernesto Alayza, who supervises the prisons, and with Minister of the Interior Luis Percovich, who is in charge of the police. Neither defended the officers' conduct. Alayza said that the authorities had freed the prisoners to protect the lives of the hostages. He said that the ambulance had a small amount of gasoline and could not have gone far. Moreover, its radio had been rigged so that the authorities could monitor what the escapees were saying. Alayza said the police who did the shooting were "excitable" and that "guns are too heavy for such people." Percovich admitted deficiencies in police training and said the officers shot at the ambulance as if they were soldiers in combat, which "reflected their experience in Ayacucho."

President Fernando Belaúnde Terry's public statement on the affair did not agree with what his Cabinet members had told me. Belaúnde completely absolved the police and asked, "Did you expect them simply to cross their arms?" The President's response was reminiscent of his reaction last year to the publication of an Amnesty International report detailing numerous disappearances and extrajudicial killings in Peru. When he received the report, he tossed it in the wastebasket.

The President, who is 71, has a reputation as one of Latin America's leading democratic figures. He is the great-grandson of a Peruvian president, the grandson of a finance

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minister and the son of a prime minister. First elected President in 1963, he was ousted in a coup in 1968. Twelve years later, when the armed forces relinquished power, he was again chosen President. The day of his election, May 18, 1980, was also the day Sendero Luminoso staged its first violent act, burning ballot boxes in the Plaza de Cangallo, Ayacucho.

Since then, Sendero violence has escalated. The group has been responsible for bombings of public facilities, assassinations and, in small Andean villages, public executions or floggings of those marked as exploiters of the peasants. Although Sendero has published no political program, it has attracted between 500 and 2,000 fanatically loyal followers. An imprisoned Senderista interviewed by the leading Peruvian magazine, *Caretas*, claimed that the group's attempt to kill a leftist peasant leader and the rape of his wife were just "because they were serving the enemy."

In the best of circumstances, coping with Sendero Luminoso would not be easy. The Andean region in which it operates is among the most impoverished in the hemisphere, the terrain is extremely rugged and the people are culturally alien from the majority of Peruvians, who live in Lima and along the coast. Sendero has exploited those conditions effectively, and twelve years of military rule in Peru has left President Belaúnde's democratic government poorly equipped to combat it. Worst of all, Belaúnde has handled the difficult situation badly.

Military rule in Peru was not marked by the gross abuses of human rights that have characterized it in other Latin American countries. However, there were economic setbacks in those years which produced a severe decline in the living standard of many Peruvians. In addition, the police and the courts, institutions vital to democratic government, deteriorated.

Brutality, long a serious problem with the police, became the normal procedure for dealing with common criminals. *Narcotraficantes* ("drug dealers") infiltrated the police and corrupted the judiciary, inspiring widespread disrespect for the legal system. Moreover, many corrupt officials became wealthy during a period of general hardship, further alienating the people.

The armed forces, which degraded the police during their twelve years of misrule, inevitably came to share the country's cynicism about the legal system. Today, the police are contemptuous of the courts because they believe *narcotraficantes* escape punishment through bribery. When some alleged Senderistas were released by the courts, the armed forces and the police readily suspected corruption.

Although Ayacucho has a population of only 500,000, thousands of people have been killed there since January 1983, when the war between Sendero Luminoso and the Peruvian armed forces and police became most intense. Many have died in massacres like the one at Soccos or the one at Uchuracay in January 1983, in which eight journalists were killed under circumstances that remain cloudy despite an investigation by a commission headed by novelist Mario Vargas Llosa. In addition to the killings, there have been some 200 disappearances—cases in which individuals were taken into custody by groups of armed men, sometimes uniformed, and were never seen again. The violence has been so great that a prominent research institute in Lima compiles monthly statistics on the killings, comparing the figures for Peru with those for El Salvador.

When criticized for human rights abuses, President Belaúnde has appeared greatly offended that anyone should question the way he, a famous democratic leader, is dealing with so repugnant a group as Sendero. Several Peruvians who know Belaúnde assured me that privately he is deeply concerned about the abuses. Perhaps. Yet his public pronouncements encourage the lawless tendencies of the armed forces and the police and also serve Sendero's purposes, seeming to support its contentions about the nature of Peruvian society.

Unfortunately, Peru lacks a broad-based nonpolitical human rights movement that could challenge Belaúnde's statements. The country's most prominent spokesman on human rights is Javier Diez Canseco, a left-wing member of the National Assembly. Although his information seems reliable, many Peruvians discount it because of his politics. The Catholic Bishops' Social Action Commission is nonpolitical and does an excellent job of monitoring the situation. It is a small organization, however, and so far the church has kept its activities low-key. Unless influential Peruvians from across the political spectrum are prepared to challenge Belaúnde's public tolerance of human rights abuses by the armed forces and the police, the "dirty war" against terrorism that is already under way in Ayacucho could produce a reign of counterterrorism like the one from which Argentina is just recovering. ARYEH NEIER

Aryeh Neier is vice chairman of the Americas Watch and Helsinki Watch committees.

FOLLOW-UP: THE WALKER CASE

On January 18, more than two years after it heard arguments, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit denied convicted murderer James Dean Walker's appeal for a new trial [see Amy Singer, "Justice Backlog," *The Nation*, December 17, 1983]. In arriving at its ruling, the five-judge majority ignored evidence the State had withheld at Walker's second trial as well as a statement by the presiding judge showing prejudice.

The dissenting judges held that the trial judge's prejudice and the suppression of crucial evidence had deprived Walker of his constitutional right to a fair trial. Regarding the majority's fear that granting Walker's request for a third trial would open the judicial floodgates, the dissenters wrote, "The majority denies Walker a retrial, regardless of whether the trial was fair or not, for reasons of 'finality.' . . . That Walker could be tried and convicted before an admittedly prejudiced judge is a stain on our criminal justice system, which ought not to go uncorrected." So say we.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Having chosen Tom Paine's birthday to declare himself a candidate once more, and having ignored Paine's injunction that "the word 'religion,' used as a word en masse, has no application to a country like America," Ronald Reagan exudes the most gruesome aura of cheery confidence. Hard to take is the assumption that, once nominated, he is unbeatable. Hardest to bear is the realization that the Democrats are doing all in their power to assure his re-election.

Even those, like myself, who distrust the bogus science of psephology, have to give ear to the pollsters now and then. And there is strong evidence not only that Reagan can be unseated by a higher turnout but that a higher turnout is a serious possibility. Disparate findings by the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, Gallup, Pat Caddell and researchers like Frances Fox Piven and Richard Cloward have shown tremendous reserves of anti-Reagan feeling among those who normally do vote and among those who often do not. The former group needs a candidate who can motivate it, and the latter group needs a registration drive. The Mondale candidacy, now chugging tediously toward an uninspired nomination in San Francisco this summer, has the unique double disadvantage of betraying both needs.

On motivation there isn't much fresh to be said. Mondale has held one meeting with the freeze campaigners (a huge potential source of energy and of registration activists) and secretly promised to endorse at least the Cranston position. He then met with the Benedict Arnold (sorry, Ben Wattenberg) "Coalition for a Democratic Majority" and pledged the opposite. He is the original chameleon on a tartan rug: colorless but changing shades depending on the context. He may be able to pull out existing voters, but he cannot win the turnout battle, which is the only battle that the Reagan team—who can outmachine anybody—really fears it can lose.

The registration failure is the worst of all. Since the Hunt commission's alleged reform of the Democratic Party in 1983, there has been an almost conscious reluctance to register voters, let alone to register them as Democrats. Under the rules, cobbled by Mondale, Kennedy and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and designed ostensibly to prevent another Carter, candidates with *organizational* strength hold all the cards. In a year with as many caucuses as primaries, that means registration drives are an anathema to the "front-runner." And an anathema, it might be added, to clout groups like the labor unions and the National Organization for Women, who have handed their endorsements to the front-runner without a fight. Maybe when the summer holidays and the convention are over, the Democrats will attempt to reach and register the unheard millions who can "turn out," not just themselves but Reagan too. In effect, the Mondale people would sooner lose the election than their control of the party. Until the primaries are over, they are content to leave registration to the volatile PUSH and other isolated grass-roots groups. That is what is known as playing by the rules.

Reagan has a shaky and gimmicky hold on public opinion. He won the Presidency in a stay-at-home year. His easy flushes of popularity, such as the one he generated with the Grenada operation, have been statistically shown to fade as quickly as they bloom. And as Professor Walter Dean Burnham puts it in a soon-to-be-published paper, "Among those Americans who are *not* registered (nearly two-fifths of all adults in an electorate of some 170 million), 39 percent classify themselves as 'haves,' while 46 percent classify themselves as 'have nots.'" In a society where the definition "have not" amounts to a stigma, that is an impressive finding. But as Burnham also says,

> Unless I have wholly misread the tone and content of Democratic position papers, unless I have wholly misread Walter Mondale's temperament and comprehension of the politico-economic world which Reagan and his corporate allies are creating, this [a Democratic revival of class politics] will not happen in 1984.

* * *

As Reagan made his semi-monarchical State of the Union Message in the Capitol, I reflected that nowhere in that building stuffed with memorials to nonentities or villains is there a proper tribute to Tom Paine, whose birthday went unremarked again this year. Paine was the greatest Englishman and the greatest American. He was the first person to use the term "the United States of America" at a time when Benjamin Franklin and George Washington were criticizing the idea of independence as rash and disloyal. He suggested the Louisiana Purchase to Thomas Jefferson in a letter on Christmas Day, 1802 (on condition that the slave trade be forbidden in the new territories). Indeed, if he had had his way, the original Declaration of Independence would have prohibited slavery. His biographer Moncure Conway, describing the abandonment of that crucial passage, wrote,

> Thus did Paine try to lay at the corner the stone which the builders rejected, and which afterwards ground their descendants to powder. Jefferson withdrew the clause on the objection of Georgia and South Carolina, which wanted slaves, and of Northerners interested in supplying them.

Paine was also the first American champion of women's rights, in pre-Revolutionary articles in *Pennsylvania Magazine*. But he died amid jeers from the Federalists and catcalls from the pious, and is hardly remembered today even for the pamphlets and the reasoning that rallied the troops at Valley Forge. Unlike those who now shout for conscription and war, Paine was taken seriously by the grunts because he shouldered a volunteer musket himself.

Probably he has been excised from history because of his opposition to brute religiosity, an opposition which was actually based on pluralism rather than atheism. His memoirs were destroyed by the devout, and his memory, as far as possible, has been erased by them. And the leader of the free world used his anniversary to call for bringing Jesse Helms's god into the public schools.

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ARTICLES.

THANK YOU, MR. BAXTER

The Backlash For Antitrust

JAY ANGOFF

After Attorney General William French Smith announced his resignation, the press rushed to assess his record. Like other high-level Reagan Administration officials who had come to Washington to "change course," he was credited with weakening the laws he was supposed to enforce, notably in the areas of civil rights and antitrust.

Actually, as was the case with Interior Secretary James Watt and Environmental Protection Agency administrator Anne Burford, Smith's efforts prompted a counterreaction by constituencies who favor the laws he sought to undermine. The net result has been the strengthening of those laws. For example, Watt galvanized environmental groups, while Burford so angered Congress that a bill tightening the nation's hazardous-waste-control law passed the House and will probably pass the Senate. Moreover, E.P.A. efforts to weaken the Clean Air Act were stopped dead in their tracks.

Consider the results achieved by William Baxter, who resigned as head of the Justice Department's antitrust division last December, and who was the architect of the antitrust-busting under Smith. When Baxter left, he received plaudits for his achievements. A recurrent theme in the tributes: Whether one agreed with him or not, Baxter had succeeded in reshaping antitrust law enforcement in accordance with his own philosophy.

"Mr. Baxter has written a brilliant chapter in antitrust history" and "carried out a bold program of innovation," said the Attorney General the day Baxter announced his resignation. "In terms of impact, he's in a class by himself," said a former Carter Administration deputy assistant attorney general. "He has presided over a momentous overhaul of antitrust policy," proclaimed *The New York Times*. And a *Washington Post* editorial concluded, "Both critics and fans agree that few succeeded as well at their goal as the stern 53-year-old Baxter."

Actually, Baxter failed in his attempt to overhaul antitrust policy permanently, just as Watt and Burford failed to dismantle the nation's environmental laws. In addition, his actions stimulated demands for more aggressive enforcement of the antimonopoly laws.

Baxter drew the philosophical inspiration for his reforms from the teachings of the Chicago school of economists, who hold that virtually any kind of anticompetitive behavior—whether it be monopolization, retail price fixing, tie-in sales or mergers of large competitors—should be lawful. They believe that the only purpose of antitrust law is to promote efficiency as they define it; and they define efficiency not as the ability to produce the highest quality goods at the lowest possible cost but, quite simply, as "bigness." Or as Robert Bork, a former University of Chicago Law School professor and now a Federal judge, put it, "A firm's efficiency is shown by its success."

At first blush, Baxter seems to have succeeded in implementing that philosophy. He dropped the government's thirteen-year suit to break up I.B.M. and settled the eight-year A.T.&T. case even though he admitted that the phone company had "expected to lose" in court. He withdrew a major retail price-fixing suit; drafted Justice Department guidelines that make future merger challenges by the government less likely; and approved mergers that probably would not even have been attempted under his predecessors: Du Pont's $7.54 billion acquisition of Conoco, for example. More important, he not only refused to prosecute illegal business practices when he disagreed with the law; he also inaugurated a program under which the government could intervene on the side of corporations sued for violating the antitrust laws.

Despite those short-term "successes," he failed to change basic antitrust law. Not for lack of trying, though. He drafted laws that would dramatically reduce awards for damages in many antitrust cases, and others that would effectively legalize retail price fixing. However, his proposals encountered so much opposition, even within the Reagan Administration, that they were never submitted to Congress.

Then there was the backlash. His efforts in defense of

DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

Jay Angoff is a lawyer with Public Citizen's Congress Watch, a consumer advocacy group founded by Ralph Nader.

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price fixing provoked the nation's discount stores, a sizable, organized and powerful constituency, to undertake a nationwide lobbying campaign to win consumer support. Baxter had infuriated the discounters when he dropped pending price-fixing cases and refused to bring new ones. He proclaimed that the practice was not anticompetitive and harshly criticized the Supreme Court for outlawing it. The last straw was the amicus brief he filed in the Supreme Court early in 1983 on the side of the Monsanto Corporation, which was being sued by a small dealer whom it had cut off for discounting Monsanto products.

In a campaign similar to the one banks mounted to repeal a law requiring them to withhold taxes on interest and dividends, discount stores appealed to the public. K Mart, the nation's largest discount chain, placed boxes labeled "Consumer Alert! Your Right to Buy Name-Brand Merchandise at a Discount Price is Being Threatened" at the customer service counter in all its stores. Customers were invited to sign postcards addressed to their senators or representatives, informing them that "discount retailers are under fire because Federal agencies are not enforcing laws against price fixing. . . . K Mart believes the law should be enforced because discount prices help you and all other consumers."

Members of Congress were deluged with protests, and for the first time in years the Capitol resounded with demands that the Justice Department step up its enforcement of antitrust laws. Fifty-two senators co-sponsored a resolution directing the department to crack down on retail price fixing. And immediately before adjourning last November, Congress attached a rider to a Justice Department appropriations bill prohibiting it from trying to overturn the retail price-fixing ban.

Although antitrust is not an issue that arouses the strong emotions that the nuclear freeze, abortion, the E.R.A. or the Marines' role in Lebanon do, Baxter's actions and statements have moved people to action.

His views on mergers were also unpopular. According to the W.T. Grimm Company, which issues quarterly reports on mergers, corporations spent $209.5 billion on acquisitions during the three years of the Reagan Administration, compared with $143.9 billion spent during the entire Carter Administration. The amount of money companies are using to buy up other companies rather than to build new plants and modernize equipment has attracted much criticism from editorialists and columnists across the political spectrum. And when Mobil tried to buy Marathon Oil, the citizens of Findlay, Ohio, where Marathon has its headquarters, marched in the streets to oppose the sale.

Most important, perhaps, Baxter's crusade has begun to expose the fallacies of the anti-antitrust theories of the Chicago school. For the decade or so prior to Baxter's arrival at Justice, the Chicago school was gaining an increasing number of converts among lawyers and economists, who praised it for bringing "economic rigor" and "intellectual sophistication" to antitrust law. But they ignored the question of whether its economic models reflect how businesses and consumers behave in the real world. By seeking to put theory into practice, Baxter inadvertently dramatized the inconsistency between reality and theory. Thus, enthusiasm for Chicago school theories is beginning to decline.

Baxter argued that price fixing benefits the consumer. Fixing retail prices guarantees the retailer extra profits, enabling him to provide special services—fancy showrooms, expert salesclerks, repairs and the like, which enhance the value of the product. But that theory is wrong on at least four counts:

§ First, most products do not require those special services. To illustrate their point, the Chicago school theorists frequently cite personal computers. If the retailer charges the higher fixed price, they say, he will be able to provide hands-on instruction and repairs. Maybe so, but men's underwear, bubble gum, chocolate, blue jeans, shirts, razor blades and over-the-counter drugs—just a few of the products on which manufacturers have sought to dictate retail prices—do not require "special services."

§ Second, buyers of computers, stereos or cameras who might want extra services can find discount stores that provide them.

§ Third, some consumers may not want additional services. Why should they be required to pay for them?

§ Finally, there is no guarantee that retailers will use the extra profits to provide additional services—they may simply pocket them.

Baxter's abrasive personality did not help his cause. When testifying before Congressional committees, he was pedantic, rude and condescending. At his confirmation hearing before the Senate Judiciary Committee he acted "oblivious to how people felt about him, unyielding, flippant and aggressive," according to a former antitrust division chief. He thus antagonized many conservative legislators who shared his views.

He was also an inept leader. Even the antitrust division lawyer who composed a gushing tribute to him in *The Washington Post*, saying that he "raised the intellectual sophistication and analytical skill of an entire government agency," also wrote that Baxter "treated the government as if it were the opposition," that he was "arrogant," "prickly," "insulting" and "naïve," that "his litigation judgment was bad—and that he didn't seem to care."

Baxter went out of his way to denigrate the Supreme Court, calling its opinions "wacko," "rubbish," "perverse" and "asinine." He said there was "no respectable academic support for the outmoded, jerry-built, amateur, pseudo-economic propositions that underlie some antitrust opinions."

Baxter did the wrong things in the wrong way. While he did succeed in weakening antitrust enforcement during his tenure, he failed to make his philosophy a permanent part of the law. More important, the hostility his actions aroused in the public, Congress and the press generated strong opposition to his objectives. The most anti-antitrust chief in memory leaves a legacy that in the future can only result in stronger antitrust enforcement. □

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BOUTERSE'S REVOLUTION

Suriname Zigs Left, Zags Right

CLIFFORD KRAUSS

When the Reagan Administration launched the invasion of Grenada, it got an apparent vote of support from an unexpected quarter: Suriname, which is ruled by a military regime of self-proclaimed leftists who believe power comes out of the barrel of a gun.

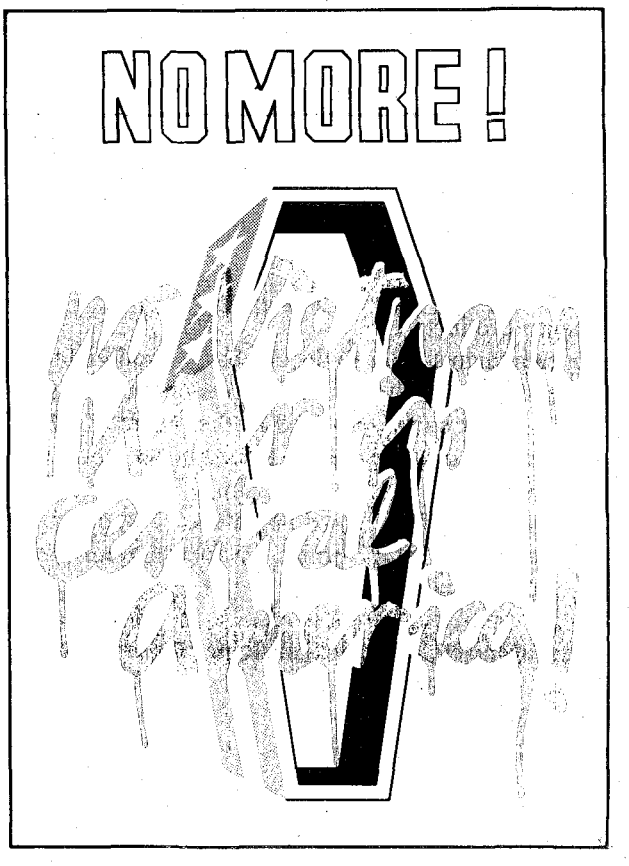
On a sticky tropical morning, December 8, 1982, Lieut. Col. Dési Bouterse, Suriname's head of state, ordered his troops to firebomb radio stations, a newspaper office and a union headquarters in the capital city of Paramaribo. Rampaging soldiers then rousted out of bed the country's sixteen most prominent dissident leaders, including a conservative industrialist and two members of the Communist Party. That night, fifteen of the prisoners were tortured and executed on the riverfront. The following morning the military regime announced that a Christmas coup planned by the Central Intelligence Agency had been averted in the nick of time. The regime has yet to reinstate freedom of speech and assembly as well as to allow independent political activity in this Dutch-speaking country on the northeastern shoulder of South America.

The alleged coup attempt was the seventh of eight the government claims have occurred since Bouterse and his Magnificent Sixteen—a group of disaffected noncommissioned officers—took power almost by accident in 1980. The brutality with which it was put down touched off a flurry of diplomatic activity: protests in the name of human rights from the United States and the Netherlands; a call for "internationalist solidarity" from Cuba and for "nonintervention" from Brazil.

The Netherlands played the stern postcolonial parent and cut off the $10 million in annual aid (about $300 for each of the country's 330,000 inhabitants) it had been sending to Suriname since its independence in 1975. Amsterdam tacitly condones the activities of a group of counterrevolutionary Surinamese exiles based in the Netherlands and led by former President Henck Chin a Sen, who hopes to regain power.

The Reagan Administration, reasoning that the massacre had made Bouterse vulnerable, ordered the C.I.A. to plan an operation in which a force of Surinamese dissidents would seize Paramaribo, a pleasant town of clapboard houses with a close-cropped Revolutionary Square. But the House and Senate Intelligence Committees blocked the operation. Committee members said the testimony of Director of Central Intelligence William Casey and U.S. Am-

Clifford Krauss covers Central America and the Caribbean for Cox Newspapers.



"No Vietnam War in Central America" Poster by Sam Wiener

The background of this poster, a military coffin and the inscription "No More" originated during the Vietnam War and was widely circulated. Now the well-known artist Sam Wiener, angered by the Reagan Administration's war efforts in Central America, has forcefully expressed his outrage by splashing a fiery-red protest over the original.

This poster, measuring 24½ by 19½ inches, is printed in three colors on high-gloss paper.

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bassador to Suriname Robert W. Duemling had not persuaded them that Cuba was behind Bouterse's crackdown. Instead of unleashing the C.I.A., the Administration halted a three-year $2.5 million economic aid program. Suriname was to become an example of the Administration's human rights policy toward Third World countries.

Cuba accepted Bouterse's claim that he had been the target of a C.I.A. plot and increased its modest aid program, which provided advisers on internal security, propaganda, forestry and health care. Between fifty and seventy-five Cuban technicians—a handful of them military personnel—rotated through Suriname in any given month. Cuba trained Bouterse's bodyguards. Its backing enabled the colonel to declare his economic independence from the West and still have a window on the outside world.

Brazil refused to join the Dutch and American attempts to isolate and destabilize the regime, choosing to carry on its traditional policy of friendly relations with neighboring governments regardless of ideology. But it attached a caveat to its support. A week after the December bloodbath, Foreign Minister Ramiro Saraiva Guerreiro told the Spanish news agency E.F.E., "It should be more than a hope that Suriname will not be transformed into a point of East-West conflict or a source of risk for Brazilian security. Brazil will never tolerate that." The Brazilian military, which saw Suriname as a potential base, was outraged by the itinerary Bouterse chose for his trip to the New Delhi summit of nonaligned nations in March 1983. After picking up Prime Minister Maurice Bishop in nearby Grenada, he traveled to Havana, where the two leaders met with Fidel Castro. Then the Surinamese, Grenadian and Cuban delegations boarded an Aeroflot jet and proceeded to New Delhi via Moscow. Recalling the influence of Frantz Fanon on Suriname's young leaders, British journalist Andrew Whitley of *Financial Times* wrote that Bouterse's travel route "has more to do with the exorcism of colonial devils . . . than with any Machiavellian schemes by Havana."

Seven months later, on October 25, U.S. marines and Army Rangers hit the beaches of Grenada, and Bouterse suddenly found a new set of devils. Although he formally condemned the invasion, later that day he expelled Cuban Ambassador Oscar Osvaldo Cárdenas, canceled the Cuban aid program and fired several government workers who were members of the pro-Cuban Revolutionary People's Party (R.V.P.). Brazilian and American diplomats, including Ambassador Duemling, professed their pleasure with this development. The Dutch, however, did not relent in their condemnation of the military regime. The Cubans maintained a discreet silence, perhaps figuring they should have known better than to get involved with a political opportunist like Bouterse.

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What kind of revolution has Bouterse wrought? Is a revolution even needed in a country that has one of the highest per capita incomes in the Western Hemisphere, where one in three adults owns an automobile?

The 1980 revolution was led by a group of corporals and sergeants who first launched a monthlong strike to form an army union. The postcolonial government collapsed when one of the renegades' patrol boats cruising the Suriname River fired a few shots at a police headquarters on the shore. Lacking a program, the soldiers—most of whom had little formal education—hung a suggestion box in the capital to find out what the people thought they should do.

Since taking power, the military council has built 10,000 housing units, created 3,000 jobs, increased old-age pensions and opened ten day-care centers. But the revolution has shied away from more fundamental changes. Production of the country's main crop, rice, is controlled by a rural elite. Alcoa and Royal Dutch Shell dominate the bauxite and aluminum industries, which form the backbone of the country's trade. Former Finance Minister Winston Caldeira put it this way: "Right now we are not heading toward nationalization of the bauxite industry. . . . We have problems with the financial means to get our program going." (Beginning last December and continuing through January, a series of strikes by bauxite workers, followed by others in the public utility, health, transportation and financial sectors, all protesting new taxes, forced Caldeira and other civilian members of the Cabinet to resign—the fourth such shake-up under Bouterse.) Between December 1982 and January 1984, Suriname's foreign exchange reserves dropped from $180 million to $90 million. Within a year, the cupboards and store shelves will be bare unless Suriname finds a patron to replace the Netherlands. Cuba and the Soviet Union are not willing or able to make up the Surinamese balance-of-payments deficit, so the regime has turned to Brazil and the United States.

Bouterse's rhetoric is a mix of neo-Leninism and earthy pragmatism. "We don't care if the money comes from the Devil or Jesus," Bouterse told me last November, as we sat on the back porch of the Dutch colonial-style presidential palace. "We are trying to liberate our country, and we can accept aid without strings attached from any country that would like to help us." When the Dutch were helping, he said, "the money was going back to Holland faster than it was coming in here."

Bouterse and his military and civilian supporters contend that a mix of populism and repression is needed to unite Suriname's racially diverse population. Indians and "bush blacks," the descendants of runaway slaves who retain some of their African culture, have lost their lands to bauxite and railroad interests; they had no say in the pre-Bouterse political system based on cronyism and patronage. The political parties that emerged after independence were narrowly based, representing the interests of single racial or religious groups. Peasants of Javanese origin joined the Indonesian Peasant's Party; East Indians supported the United Hindustani Party; Catholic Creoles formed the Progressive People's Party of Suriname; Protestant Creoles

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organized the National Party of Suriname. Since Bouterse took over, those parties have become quiescent.

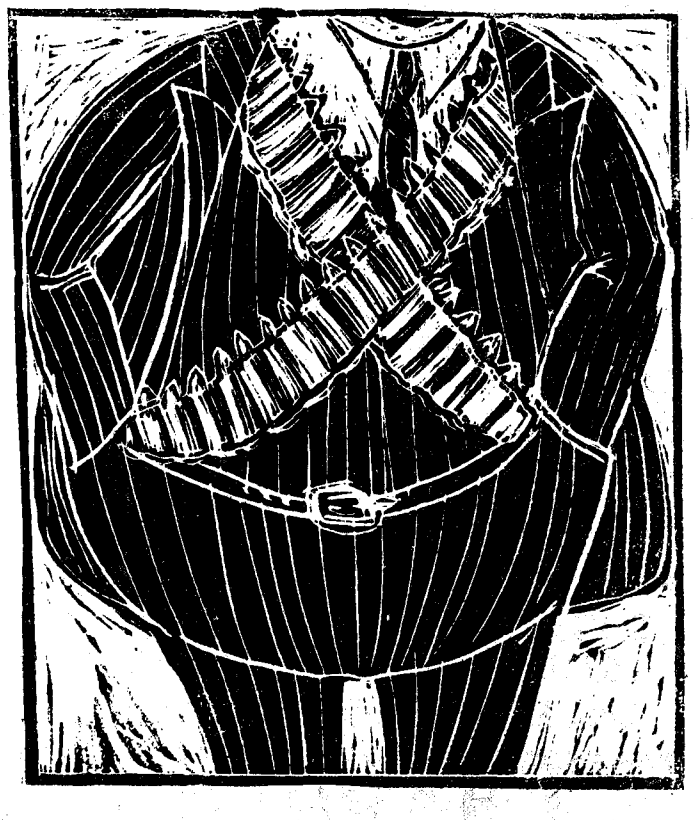
Although he remains unpopular in predominantly middle-class Paramaribo, where about 50 percent of the people live, Bouterse picked up backing in the rural areas after he instituted public works projects and price supports for agricultural products. A populist despite his military background, he attracted large crowds during a tour of the provinces last November. Inaugurating a road project, Bouterse took off his shirt and laid bricks to prove that his heart is with the workers. On another occasion, he danced to African drums following a spirited exchange of ideas with a group of farmers and merchants. To consolidate his rule politically, last year he founded the 25th of February Unity Movement, an umbrella coalition of legal parties and interest groups, intended to monopolize political activity in Suriname. The Unity Movement was the brainchild of the Marxist-Leninist R.V.P. But a majority of the members of the military council, which is officially the "vanguard of the revolution" and wields the political power, saw the R.V.P.'s Cuban ties as a threat and pressured Bouterse to weaken the radicals' influence on the movement. That he did on the day Grenada was invaded. "I was losing oversight of the situation," Bouterse told me. The other civilian party in the movement, the Progressive Workers and Peasants Union (PALU), may benefit from the R.V.P.'s fall from political grace. But according to PALU's vaguely Maoist ideology, it—not the army—should be the vanguard of the revolution.

Suriname's "nonaligned" foreign policy reflects Bouterse's agile dance to stay in power—right, left and right again. When Brazil wanted to drive a wedge between Suriname and Cuba, Bouterse cooperated. Last April, President João Baptista Figueredo dispatched his trusted adviser Gen. Danilo Venturini on a mission to "save Suriname from Cuba." According to diplomatic sources, the Brazilian general advised the Surinamese leader not to antagonize the United States and Brazil. The two military men agreed that their countries would not be used as bases for guerrilla attacks against each other. Venturini's forty-eight-hour visit brought Suriname satellite television transmissions of Brazilian soccer matches (replacing Cuban basketball on the tube), $15 million in credits for Brazilian goods and an aid program designed to reduce imports, expand exports and strengthen the military. Paramaribo has a Center for Brazilian Studies, where 150 Surinamese Navy, Air Force and Army officers are learning Portuguese in preparation for training in Brazil.

With a push from Brazil, and the assurance of its economic assistance, Bouterse turned his attention to improving relations with the Reagan Administration. He made progress last October 11, when he called for an end to the occupations of Kampuchea and Afghanistan before the U.N. General Assembly. The next day, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights Elliott Abrams pointed to Suriname as a case study of the Reagan Administration's human rights policy toward leftist regimes in the Third World. Abrams's idea of human rights policy would have pleased Metternich: "Cuba, seeing a weak dictator who has just started the practice of killing his opponents, immediately sees this as an opportunity to gain, not to protest but to develop a cozy relationship. The conclusion we have to draw is that the East-West struggle matters a great deal for human rights. Let me acknowledge right now that I take the comment that this Administration puts human rights policy in an East-West framework to be descriptive rather than critical." Once Bouterse cut his ties with Cuba, the Reagan Administration prepared to resume aid. Despite official Dutch protests, the White House would not block Arrow Air, a U.S. charter company, from replacing K.L.M. flights between Suriname and the Netherlands. Bouterse needs such tokens of U.S. approval: negotiations for a $100 million credit from the International Monetary Fund broke off because he caved in to workers' demands that he suspend a tax hike, and if he doesn't get aid soon he may lose power.

Leftist revolutions rarely receive aid from the United States; when they do, as Bolivia did in the 1950s, they pay an ideological price. Bouterse told me he wasn't worried that his government would be compromised by a closer relationship with the United States: "Times are changing. In the thirties in the United States, the Mafia had guns. Now the same Mafia types are walking around in business suits, ties, and they work with lawyers. Likewise in revolution, you don't only make it with guns but also with your mind. . . . We have to make a realistic revolution."

That sounds like the kind of revolution the Reagan Administration can live with. But no one can tell which way Bouterse, a former chicken farmer, NATO soldier and marathon champion turned "commander of the revolution," will move next. At a recent Unity Movement rally, the government assigned front-row seats to a delegation from North Korea, as a sign of respect. □



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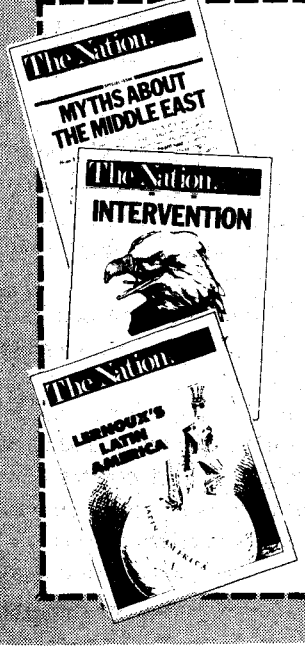

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A SHORT STORY

A Visit With Our National Debt

MAX APPLE

The keeper of the national debt is a modest man who, until recently, was never in the public eye.

"My ancestors," he says, "they were used to royalty, accustomed to attention. My great-grandfather played whist with Rothschilds and wore satins of the house of Hapsburg. The nineteenth century, that was one of the truly great times for national debt. These days, all the glamour is gone—or it was until recently."

"You should have seen him," his wife says, "when NBC called to invite him to be on *Meet the Press*. He was so nervous that I began to worry about how his feelings might affect the debt. Finally he canceled. They did a show on the environment instead."

The keeper and his wife live modestly. Their address is classified, but it's distant from Washington and in a respectable neighborhood of a major city not far from the Sun Belt, poised between the Great Plains and the industrial heartland.

The keeper has no political affiliation. "My vision of the world," he says, "is obviously influenced by my closeness to the debt. It's my life, my career, my raison d'être. Other than that I'm just plain folk."

He admits to feeling defensive about his charge. "Strictly speaking, the debt is a very straightforward item, nothing to get emotional about. Still, over the years I've grown attached. I guess it's only human to do so. It irks me no end to see the debt attacked as if it were war, famine or disease. The debt is such an easy mark that everyone has a go at it. It's a mere 3 percent of the national pie, a slice no larger than a dieting aunt takes on Thanksgiving Day after stuffing herself on turkey and dressing. The debt has never hurt a living soul. The biggest item in the debt is liberty. Unfortunately we can't compute it, but we do know that adjusted to 1967 freedoms, there is less than a 2 percent annualized return on totalitarianism."

The keeper has been at his work for so many years that even the unusual recent growth of the debt is no surprise to him.

"The only thing I don't like," he says, "is the public relations side of it. At first I thought it was a good idea. I helped organize the original 'Debt Roast' and 'Debt Appreciation Night.' But when they started all those debt hot lines, I thought it had gone too far."

Today is a special day for the national debt. On this day it surpassed the accumulated owing of all civilizations prior to World War II. The keeper and his wife are having a quiet glass of champagne on their front porch. No network or wire service has covered the event. The debt sits beside them like a mushroom growing on a tree. The keeper remembers when the debt was so small that Eleanor Roosevelt's hat covered it entirely. He remembers that Dwight Eisenhower never visited, that Nixon sent only John Connally to pay his respects.

"These days," his wife says, "it's easy to keep the debt. But I remember when my husband actually had to feed it by hand and carry out all the calculations." She sighs. "He was a strong young man then. He had to be; the debt was mighty frisky."

"Yes," the keeper says, "I did it all by hand but I was never afraid. In my family they always talked about the Hapsburg debt. Debt is as American to me as baseball. In my opinion people worry too much about the debt. Believe me, the debt is in good hands. If I were people, I would worry about teen-age gangs and drugs and the lack of moral values and when to change your oil and what school to send the children to and whether your team is in the pennant race. I wouldn't worry about the debt."

"That's easy for you to say," his wife says. She arises from her wicker chair. "You understand the debt, everyone else thinks about interest."

"Interest," says the keeper. "I have no interest in interest. It's as separate from the debt as dental floss is from athlete's foot powder. Besides, the interest keepers are not our kind of people."

The debt purrs like a kitten at his side.

"The interest people are just electricians. They monkey around with computers that could figure out the origin of species in three seconds. They're whiz kids at math, or politicians, or phenomenologists. They don't have the spirit of keepers and most of them don't even understand that the very essence of debt is constancy. Socrates, the wisest man, understood debt. His last words were 'I owe a cock to Asclepius.'

"I know that when I'm gone they'll treat it differently—maybe they'll incorporate it. Who knows, Congress in one fell swoop might even abolish it."

"God forbid," says his wife.

"Who knows," the keeper says. "For thirty-eight years I've been doing this day after day. Everyone talks about leaving the debt to future generations, but sometimes I wonder if they'll even appreciate it; sometimes I think they ought to be left to create their own debt.

"As far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't want to live in a nation that had no debt. My wife and I raised our own children to be borrowers and lenders.

"The whole of the debt takes up less than 30 percent of the living space of our house, and it's dependable and easy to service and sleeps through the night. This debt, this very private, quiet, misunderstood thing, is not your enemy. I just wish people would forget about it and go back to worrying about scarce resources. You can talk forever about coal and oil and uranium, but the debt"—he looks at his wife

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Max Apple is author of The Oranging of America *(Viking). This story is included in his forthcoming* Free Agents *(Harper & Row).* *© 1983 by Max Apple. Provided by Fiction Network of San Francisco.*

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beside him on the porch—"the debt is just a part of us."

"Debt thou art," she says, "to debt thou shalt return."

The elderly couple hold hands. The sun shines. Children across the street play freeze tag. Inside, quietly, constantly, peacefully, the debt mounts. □

SPAIN'S SOCIALISTS

Democracy First, Then Revolution

LUCY KOMISAR

Madrid

More than a year ago, I attended Felipe González's victory party in the elegant Palace Hotel, across the street from the Cortes, the Spanish parliament. Crowds were milling in the streets, dancing in the cobblestone Plaza Mayor. They waved banners that read, "For change!" and shouted the name of the new Prime Minister who had turned the country to the left after forty years of fascism.

González is still the most popular politician in Spain, but his definition of change has angered some supporters and ruffled feathers on the right. He is doing what he promised: not creating socialism but attempting to unify the country, modernize it and integrate it politically and economically with Western Europe.

González is carrying out the capitalist revolution his rightist predecessors could not achieve. He is making industry competitive by eliminating obsolete factories—and jobs. That policy doesn't go over well with the unions, and the higher taxes it requires rankle conservatives. He has introduced social welfare benefits the rest of Europe takes for granted. That stirs up conflict too. It's a big change from traditional Spanish politics but in line with Socialist policies in France, Portugal and Italy.

Yet González has been cautious. He no longer talks about the *autogestión*, worker self-management, as he did when I interviewed him in 1978. He compromised on abortion in deference to the Catholic Church, but clerics as well as feminists are dissatisfied: it is permitted but only in cases of rape, fetal deformity or danger to the mother's health. And the operation is not covered under the government's health care plan, which is scandalous from a party that pretends to defend the poor.

But given the enormity of its economic and political problems, Spain needs conciliation rather than revolution. Many of González's supporters voted for democratic reform, not revolutionary change. Spain's first priority is to consolidate democracy.

Old enemies are still out there. Not so long ago, people wondered whether the army would let the Socialists come to power. Now, Lieut. Col. Carlos Ramos, who has served in the army for twenty-eight years, twenty of them under Franco, and who supports amnesty for the Civil Guards who attempted the 1981 coup, speaks admiringly of González's efforts. "The memory we had of Socialism was church burnings and assassinations," he said. "My father was killed by a Socialist in 1934. So when the Socialists came to power, the patriotic gestures of Felipe González were a surprise. He went to the traditional country mass a few days later. Everyone applauded that." González knows how to appeal to deep-rooted sentiments. But in general, the military only tolerates him. "Most military men don't think democracy is the best system and believe that the coup plotters were patriotic," said a government official who works closely with the army, and whom I shall call "Muñoz."

González has nevertheless avoided a purge of the army. As Muñoz explained: "The government can't take strong action against the military because there are no other possible military leaders. It is playing the game of moderation, carrying out reforms carefully."

Nevertheless, in January the government took advantage of the recent retirement of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff by appointing a top military leader who is too young to have fought in the civil war. He is required to report to the Minister of Defense. It also replaced the heads of the army, navy and air force and passed a law giving the Prime Minister power to administer and direct the military.

The new military leaders are all conservatives. The government is attempting to remove the issue of politics and to professionalize the army according to a plan the military supports, raising pay, modernizing equipment, improving training and reducing the top-heavy roster of officers by attrition. But when an officer steps out of line, González comes down hard. Last September, Fernando Soteras Casamayor, lieutenant general of the Seventh Military Region in Valladolid, told a magazine writer that if the sovereignty, territorial integrity or judicial order of Spain were in danger, the army would urge the Prime Minister to step down. González cashiered him the day the story appeared.

"Soteras expressed what many in the army believe," Muñoz said. "He was made an example." But you can still make book in Spain about the likelihood of more attempted coups.

The Socialists' relations with another old enemy, the Catholic Church, are equally dicey, as they attempt to reduce the church's power in Spanish life. They restricted abortion because, government spokesman Eduardo Sotillos informed me, a poll showed that 65 percent of the population supported a tough abortion law and 12 percent opposed any legalization. Whether the poll exists is questionable. Certainly on this issue, the government deferred to the Catholic Church's views, since it still wields a lot of power, especially in rural areas.

The government appears reluctant to tangle with the church on education as well. By law, the Education Ministry and the bishops exercise joint control over books used in state-supported Catholic schools, which 40 percent of the children attend. Last year the church prepared fifth- and

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sixth-grade catechisms that contained passages comparing abortion to murder, war and terrorism. The Socialists asked that the passages be omitted, noting that since abortion is legal in certain situations, such a statement might cause the children to think that the government is run by murderers. Negotiations between church and government officials broke off when the Bishops Conference announced that it had printed 200,000 copies of the catechisms. The government retaliated by ordering that the books not be distributed in the schools. The conservative press accused the Socialists of "totalitarianism."

El País, Madrid's most respected daily, hit upon the salient issue in the dispute: "Every group should have the right to teach its own doctrine, but to have this doctrine subsidized with the money of those who don't agree or to require those who don't agree to learn it is another matter. Those are the issues to debate." The matter was settled when the government agreed to allow the books in return for a lame concession that teachers would explain abortion in such a way that the children will not be traumatized.

Rather than tackle the church head on, the Socialists have introduced a law requiring that principals and teachers in all state-supported schools be chosen by commissions made up of parents, students and representatives from the community, and that they be paid directly by the government rather than by the schools. The church strongly opposes the law, and last December, 250,000 protesting Catholics marched in Madrid and 100,000 in Seville.

The Socialists have made their boldest reforms in criminal law. Possession of marijuana has been legalized, though trafficking remains a crime, and a preventive detention provision in the penal code has been repealed, resulting in the release of nearly 6,000 petty criminals, some of whom had been held for several years. (The amnesty became something of an embarrassment for the government when the press disclosed that 10 percent of those released were re-arrested for new crimes.) Sentences for minor nonviolent offenses have been reduced, while those for white-collar crimes have been increased.

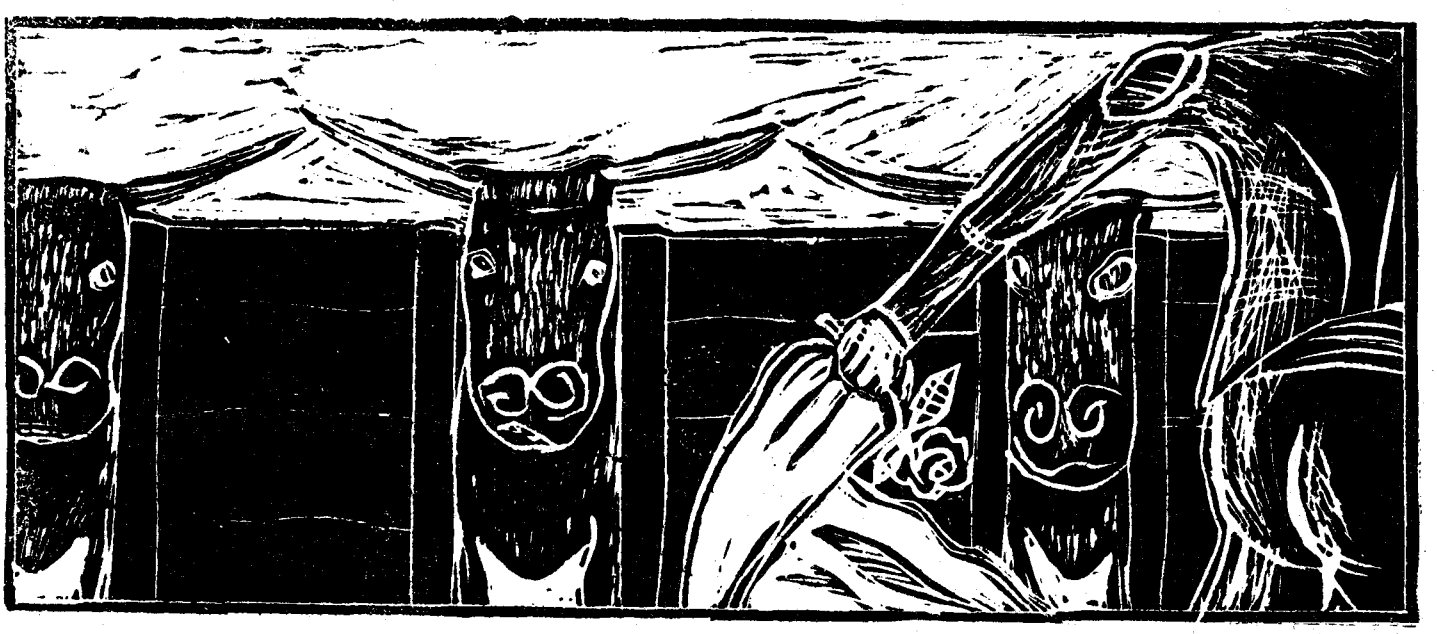
But the big test for this government is economic growth. González's policies win high praise from the Americans as well as from his mentors, the German Social Democrats, because there appears to be nothing socialist about them. Miguel Angel Fernández-Ordóñez, Secretary of State for Economic Policy, demurs. Over lunch in the private dining room of Lhardy, the famous Madrid restaurant, he said, "People in the United States don't understand that in Europe there are two traditions on the left: the socialist, which preserves a market economy, and the communist, which emphasizes state ownership."

"In Spain," Fernández-Ordóñez noted, "nationalization is rightist, not leftist." Franco built a corporate state, subsidizing or buying up failing companies in order to preserve jobs. Those firms now have huge deficits, and with negative investment and a 0.6 percent average industrial growth rate, 780,000 jobs have been lost in seven years.

The Socialist plan approved by the Cortes last December redraws Spain's industrial map, weeding out noncompetitive firms in industries like shipbuilding and steelmaking, and replacing them with moneymakers in electronics and chemicals. Private companies are given inducements to modernize: subsidies, privileged access to credit, government payments to laid-off workers. The government also plans to sell state-owned industries wherever it can. Officials running the program say it's what the rest of Europe did ten years ago.

Spanish workers think it's a good idea, in theory. Nicolás Redondo, general secretary of the Socialist General Workers Union (U.G.T.), says the worldwide recession makes it difficult to carry out any other kind of policy. But by 1985, 50,000 jobs will have been eliminated and workers whose livelihoods are threatened may not be so supportive.

González faces his biggest labor crisis in Sagunto, near Valencia, where the state-owned Altos Hornos del Mediterráneo steel plant is being phased out. Workers have held demonstrations and sit-ins protesting the loss of 8,000 jobs. Last December, other unions in the city joined in a one-day



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general strike, during which workers blocked roads leading to the plant and clashed with police. The local Socialist Party condemned the shutdown. The government promises to create at least 2,500 jobs in the area, but steelworkers won't have priority claim on them.

There will be even more conflict when consolidation of the shipbuilding industry gets under way this year and 20,000 workers, half those it now employs, lose their jobs. There have already been demonstrations in Bilbao, Cádiz, La Coruña and Vigo.

Creating jobs in a country with the highest unemployment rate in Western Europe will be a problem. During the election campaign, González promised 800,000 additional jobs by the end of four years. After a year, unemployment's rate of increase has been reduced, but 17.5 percent of the work force is idle. The manufacturing sector is stagnant and consumer demand is flat. The situation won't improve until the rest of Western Europe, to which Spain sells half its exports, is restored to economic health.

The U.G.T. has accepted the government's 6.5 percent ceiling on wage increases, even though prices are expected to go up 8 percent this year. It agreed on the ground that a "social wage" of spending for new jobs and social welfare benefits will enable the working class to keep up with inflation. "We could accept salary increases below inflation if that created new jobs," Redondo said. "We ask the workers, What do you want, an increase in salary or the end of the company? We have to fight against demagogy."

The name of the game in Spain is austerity. "The French made a mistake; now they are making intelligent policy," Fernández-Ordóñez said. "Soares had to do it; so did Craxi." But he insisted, "A conservative government would look only at the problem of re-establishing a balance without looking at distribution."

Indeed, the Socialists' new budget provides 20 percent more for pensions, scholarships, aid to the sick and handicapped and housing credits for the poor. The government extended unemployment insurance coverage from eighteen months to twenty-four and loosened eligibility requirements. Now 45 percent of jobless Spaniards get aid, compared with 27 percent before the change. Most of those not receiving aid are young people who have never worked. All that will be financed by increases of 30 percent in personal income taxes for the rich and middle class; low-income workers will get a tax cut. A family of four with an annual income of $20,000 will pay $3,900 in taxes; one with an income of $40,000 will pay $11,600.

Minister of Economy and Finance Miguel Boyer explained that the budget brings government spending in line with socialist priorities, but he says it will be years before there will be true socialist budgets. When I told Fernández-Ordóñez that the present Spanish system sounds more like welfare capitalism than socialism, he grinned. "I wouldn't use the word capitalism, because I don't like it. Perhaps welfare market economy," he said.

The idea is to redirect investment into new, more productive industries without resorting to government ownership. In America, we would call that "industrial policy." □

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Workers and G.M.

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

Placita," and Bishop Juan Arzube of the archdiocese of Los Angeles. Father Olivares said: "It is so gratifying to see the church lined up on the side of the oppressed. Far too often it has sided with the oppressors." He was followed by the Rev. Frank Higgins, president of the 400,000-member Baptist Ministers Conference, who told the audience: "The G.M. plant is over 50 percent Chicano, 15 percent black and 12 percent women—so we minorities are the majority. All that G.M. respects is a big stick, and boycott power is our big stick. If G.M. closes down the Van Nuys plant, we will close down G.M. in Los Angeles." Manuel Hurtado, a Mexican-American auto worker explained, "Without the support of the community we cannot save our plant, and without the initiative and leadership of the workers themselves, there can be no effective movement."

State Assemblywoman Maxine Waters, Representative Howard Berman and a delegation of twenty-two community leaders from five religious denominations, five national unions and the Mexican-American Political Association called on G.M. to meet with them. *Business Week* gave the rally a full-page story, warning, "Many union leaders are watching the effort . . . and similar campaigns could begin elsewhere if the tactic of rousing community support for a boycott works."

G.M. opened its Van Nuys plant in 1947 in the San Fernando Valley, just north of Los Angeles. At that time, cheap transportation costs made "satellite" assembly plants profitable. As late as 1978 the California auto industry was booming. But when OPEC oil shocks and Japanese competition brought an end to U.S. car makers' unchallenged domination of the domestic market, the Big Three auto companies responded by ruthlessly consolidating their operations, closing plants and laying off workers. They centralized production in the Midwest to reduce shipping costs, retreated from the domestic production of subcompacts (importing them from Japan instead, in joint ventures with Mitsubishi and Isuzu) and focused on a "fewer cars, more profit-per-car" strategy. The California auto worker was marked for extinction. By June 1983, G.M. Van Nuys would be the last remaining auto plant in California.

In January 1980, Ford closed its Pico Rivera plant in Los Angeles; it gave only two weeks' notice. In rapid succession, Mack Truck closed its Hayward plant, G.M. closed its Fremont and Southgate plants and Ford closed its last West Coast plant, in San Jose. But in 1982 there were still 5,000 Van Nuys workers producing Camaros and Firebirds. Both were hot sellers but that didn't stop management: it announced that although the operation was modern, efficient and profitable, G.M. had as many as four excess plants. Because Van Nuys was less profitable than similar factories in the Midwest, it had been put on what the company called the "danger list." Two weeks later, the second shift was laid off: 2,500 workers on the streets just before Thanksgiving. The company's attempt to frighten us into offering concessions failed. After an all-day strategy meeting attended by more than 250 workers, Local 645 organized the Campaign to Keep G.M. Van Nuys Open.

The laid-off workers planned a demonstration and rally for March 1 to demand that the second shift be put back to work and that G.M. stop its threats to close the plant. We designed posters and buttons, wrote leaflets in Spanish and English and sent speakers to churches, unions and community organizations. A week before the rally, Los Angeles was hit by torrential rains, but our enthusiasm wasn't dampened. We conducted a telephone campaign, engaging fellow members in lengthy political discussions. On March 1 cars were floating in flooded streets and high winds blew the roof off the L.A. Convention Center, but more than 700 people marched in the downpour to express their anger at General Motors and their support for the campaign.

On May 14 more than 1,000 people, flanked by an escort of mounted police, marched down Van Nuys Boulevard, demanding that G.M. keep the plant open. At the rally that followed, United Farm Workers president Cesar Chavez threw his support behind the boycott. "It can be used as a jujitsu because of the ruthless competition in this capitalistic society," he said. "Los Angeles is the largest new-car market in the U.S., with over 450,000 new cars sold just last year, and G.M. is number one in sales. A 5 percent to 7 percent reduction in their sales in Los Angeles could make the difference between a profit and a loss for many dealers, and could force G.M. to straighten up and fly

Eric Mann is coordinator of the Campaign to Keep G.M. Van Nuys Open, U.A.W. Local 645.

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right." National media coverage emphasized the threatened boycott, and when G.M. chairman Roger Smith denounced the campaign as "crazy," we knew we were on the right track.

From May to October the campaign focused on deepening its organizational base. We had long discussions with key clergy, unions and black and Chicano organizations, who pledged that if a boycott was necessary, they would help carry it out. The time to request a community meeting with top G.M. officials had arrived. G.M. had something we wanted: our jobs. We had something G.M. wanted: the power to call off a possible citywide boycott. When workers and communities have power, fruitful discussions with big business can take place. Last December, Smith agreed to meet with our coalition. We have no illusions that those meetings will save our plant. But since G.M. is guided by a hard-nosed philosophy of management rights, its decision to talk with us proves that the campaign is an effective force.

Local 645's fight against G.M. has drawn considerable attention from labor activists. Here are some of the lessons we have learned:

§ *Preserve an adversarial relationship with management.* Too many workers facing plant shutdowns have followed a strategy of appeasement, offering concessions. Unions should understand what used to be taken for granted: the interests of workers and employers are diametrically opposed, and the union's role is to fight the company aggressively. There's a saying that goes, "If you want to fight the company, first get out of bed with it."

§ *Reject the "war with Japan, peace with G.M." strategy.* The paralyzing anti-imports sentiment also exists in our local, but patient educational work by the leadership has shown workers that G.M., with at least 45 percent of the U.S. car market, has no reason to cry about imports. We have resisted being sidetracked by racist hysteria. No destroying Toyotas with sledgehammers for us. G.M. made more than $2 billion in profits last year, and G.M. can afford to keep our plant open permanently. It is the target, not the Japanese workers.

§ *Break out of the collective-bargaining straitjacket.* Most labor-management contracts are stacked in management's favor, and one union local does not have the bargaining leverage to prevent a plant closing. So we rejected G.M.'s contention that the shutdown was a "purely economic issue of the marketplace"; we entered the political arena, where we could mobilize allies in the community, the media and government.

§ *Keep the workers center stage.* As media coverage and community support grew and as clerics, lawyers, actors, teachers and other professional people joined in, the campaign could have lost its working-class character. Fortunately, our supporters understood that they must set aside their political concerns and work for the union's objectives. The movement's militancy, flexibility and consistency depend on the political clarity of the auto workers' goals.

§ *Get a union-local president who is willing to lead.* Pete Beltran, president of Local 645, is an important figure in the U.A.W. and in the Los Angeles Chicano community. He has spent long hours with campaign organizers and has made our fight his top priority. He explained his passionate commitment: "It had a profound effect on me to see other local presidents, who only a year ago strutted with confidence, watch in horror as their members and then they themselves were thrown into the streets. I swore that if G.M.

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ever tried to close our plant, we would give them the fight of their life."

§ *Focus on minority communities.* We understood that the impact the shutdown would have on Chicano and black communities was our strong suit in the battle against G.M. By emphasizing the disproportionate hardships minority groups would face, rather than acting as if we were all workers in the same boat (the traditional "color-blind" approach intended to appease the most racist white workers), we have built unity in the local. To do otherwise would underestimate progressive white workers' potential for class consciousness and risk losing the support of the most militant minority workers.

For example, many of the key campaign organizers are Chicanos, but speeches at union meetings had never been translated into Spanish. We organized a drive for our local to buy headsets that would transmit simultaneous translations. We had to contend with some "let them learn English" chauvinism, but after a number of Chicano workers threatened to drop out of the campaign, the local's executive board voted unanimously to buy the equipment. What could have been a major setback to the campaign was averted.

Despite G.M.'s claim that its decision to pull out of California is based solely on economic considerations, its "geographical policy" has a discriminatory effect. Only three years ago there were 20,000 auto workers in California, and at many plants nearly half the workers were Chicanos. The closing of the Van Nuys factory would drive more Chicanos out of the industry and would destroy Local 645, a vital institution in the Latino community. By publicizing the repercussions the plant closing would have on small businesses, the tax base and the *political power* of the Chicano community, we dramatically expanded our base of support.

Similarly, while Los Angeles's large black community is situated twenty miles away from the plant, the people realize the significance of keeping Van Nuys open. The recent closings of the Goodyear and Firestone tire factories, the Bethlehem Steel works and G.M.'s Southgate facility, all located in the heart of the black community, have been devastating. After the Southgate shutdown, more than 500 workers, most of them black, were transferred to the Van Nuys plant. If it is closed, the number of well-paid industrial jobs for black workers will shrink even more. State Assemblywoman Waters, who represents the Southgate area and whose top legislative priority is the protection of communities against plant closings, said, "While we were too late at Southgate, we will not allow G.M. to run away and close down Van Nuys. We will stand our ground here."

When the Labor/Community Coalition first demanded a meeting with top G.M. officials, many people said it was a brilliant tactic but the company would never acknowledge us, let alone meet with us. As we continue our discussions with G.M., we are also expanding the base of our coalition, hoping our campaign will continue to provide valuable lessons for the labor movement, and will save the jobs of 5,000 auto workers. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

America's Man of Feeling

ROBERT F. SAYRE

HISTORY, TALES AND SKETCHES. *By Washington Irving. The Library of America. 1,126 pp. $27.50.*

Not long ago, intellectuals could agree in ridiculing sentimentality as nothing more than the over-simplified and excessive emotion exemplified by Hallmark cards, Norman Rockwell pictures and *Love Story*. Fortunately, the women's movement is forcing a historical re-evaluation of that much-maligned quality. Ann Douglas in *The Feminization of American Culture* and Nancy Cott in *The Bonds of Womanhood* have rediscovered the close ties between early nineteenth-century American sentimentality, women writers and feminism. Yet even they hesitate to connect a modern radical movement to an esthetic and social vision that is in such disrepute. Douglas uses the terms "sentimentality" and "feminization" derogatorily and finds the nineteenth-century women writers and their male allies (typically, liberal clergymen) to be intellectually mushy and economically and politically unrealistic. Cott's appraisal is much more searching. She sees women both gaining and losing from the sentimental glorification of domesticity, "the woman's sphere." The further understanding of this difficult problem awaits a reinterpretation of both nineteenth-century feminism and a large part of nineteenth-century American literature.

The republication of four early works by Washington Irving is, therefore, very timely. Irving, who was born in 1783, at the end of the Revolution, and died in 1859, just before the Civil War, was the great master of American sentimentalists. Hardly a feminist, and basically conservative in his politics, Irving nevertheless taught his readers to sympathize with the feelings of women and the sufferings of people who were not comfortable or cultivated. He thoroughly deserves this handsome volume from the new Library of America.

Many years ago the literary critic R.S. Crane traced sentimentality back to late seventeenth-century English ecclesiastical writers who, in the wake of the Restoration, were trying to end quarrels between the lower-class dissenting sects and the aristocratic Anglicans. Those latitudinarian clergy raised benevolence—charitable deeds—to a manly virtue and associated it with feeling, with a natural instinct to be generous and sympathetic. Puritans, groaning under the weight of original sin, could hardly accept such a view of human nature, nor could most aristocrats, who then, as now, prided themselves on their hardheaded realism. But sentimentality found a warm niche in the minds and reading habits of the growing middle class. "The man of feeling" became a kind of beau ideal, popularized in the essays of Joseph Addison and his imitators and put through dozens of metamorphoses in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century fiction. He could vary from the kind and long-suffering but still-optimistic Vicar of Wakefield to Laurence Sterne's whimsical and risqué Yorick. He could be punished for his benevolence; he could be cheated, tricked and misguided; and he could find an almost endless range of women, poor and unfortunates over whom to weep and philosophize.

By 1817 Washington Irving had learned the styles and materials of English sentimentality so well that he was acclaimed by such masters as Sir Walter Scott, who invited Irving to stay with him at Abbotsford, and Charles Dickens, who carried a copy of Irving's comic-sentimental *History of New York* in his pocket. When *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* was serialized in England and America in 1819 and 1820, it was an immediate success. A few scoffers objected to its imitativeness—the formula for Irving, one said, was "Addison and water"—but most readers adored him. His later literary influence in America is to be found not only in popular female novelists like Lydia Maria Child and Catharine Maria Sedgwick but also in male writers as different as Nathaniel Hawthorne and the frontier humorist Augustus Baldwin Longstreet.

The four works published here give us a chance to review Irving's early development. In the first two, *Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle, Gent.* and *Salmagundi*, Irving is most like his model Addison, producing light satire on the socialites, writers and political leaders of New York at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Irving was in his early 20s, making a leisurely study of law and visiting Europe for his health, and the essays are full of mock pedantry and literary self-consciousness. His audience was pretty much limited to people who could catch his society jokes and literary allusions.

A History of New York, From the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by Diedrich Knickerbocker drew a larger audience. Parodying pretentious histories, Irving invented for New York a myth of its early golden age, in which fat governor Wouter Van Tiller of Nieuw Amsterdam eats huge dinners, smokes his pipe and then drowses in his chimney corner. The households are tended by plump and cheerful Dutch wives, people are left alone and minor political corruption keeps everyone paid off and happy. But then comes the reign of William the Testy, Irving's satiric version of Thomas Jefferson, who is tall and lean and quarrelsome. Knickerbocker calls himself a "sentimental historian," but he is sentimental mainly in the sense of making many digressions, being whimsical and maintaining a good humor toward both reader and subject. The history of the Dutch in New York is for Irving a charming subject, not a serious one, and so a light tone prevails.

In *The Sketch Book*, Irving replaced satire and frolicsomeness with full-blown sentimentality. Geoffrey Crayon is not a genial old curmudgeon like Jonathan Oldstyle or a fond pedant like Knickerbocker. He is a gentle artist, so in love with idling and musing that he prefers just to sketch. Thus he goes to Europe for "the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom." Crayon is less interested in great art, however, than in the remote, forgotten or slightly comic. His favorite Shakespearean characters are Falstaff and Mistress Quickly; his favorite books, neglected quartos found in dusty libraries. And his favorite English customs are not coronations

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and parades but Sundays in the country, rural funerals and Christmas. A more anemic American was never born or invented, yet Crayon also has a refined sense of humor and takes a sly pleasure in his difference from the Puritans, bragging patriots and noisy democrats among his compatriots. He even likes Indians—as witness his sympathetic sketch of Philip of Pokanoket, the dreaded leader of King Philip's War.

The influence of *The Sketch Book* on later sentimentality is sometimes easy to spot. Five of its sketches, for example, are about English Christmas customs—yule logs, family reunions, alms giving, songs and games and dances, and, of course, huge dinners. When Irving wrote these pieces, Americans hardly celebrated Christmas, the Puritans having regarded it as a corrupt popish practice. By associating Christmas with sentimental benevolence, Irving made these English customs totally respectable. The debt of modern illustrators, window designers and department store advertisers to Irving's descriptions is immense.

More complex was the way Irving influenced nineteenth-century writers on domesticity and women's roles. Like most sentimentalists, Irving glorified women as more emotional and delicate than men. "Man is the creature of interest and ambition. . . . Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts," he instructs us in "The Broken Heart." "But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures." Irving's women suffer for their affections and also, on the strength of affections, surmount great adversity. But in either case women are for Geoffrey Crayon to *behold*, to use a favorite sentimental word. The man of feeling extended the range of his own emotional life by trying to cherish, admire and express the "affections" of a woman who supposedly could not adequately express herself. Crayon's crayon, again and again, is on suffering country maids. This is not to say Irving himself necessarily thought of all women in these terms. To some extent, the image was the stock in trade of genteel conversation, as well as a literary convention derived from conditions in which men did most of the writing and women were their subject and audience.

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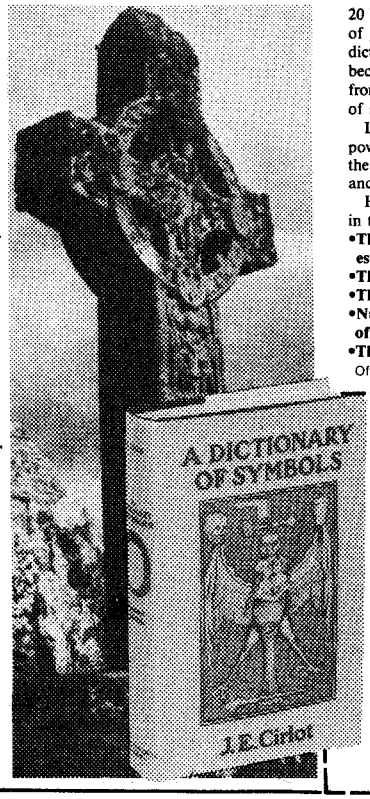

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Irving glorified women's affections as a way of increasing his own, while proving his qualifications for membership among a sort of middle-class social elite—call them the "persons of feeling": the men of feeling who wrote and the women of feeling who read. But when, later in the century, writers of advice books and educational tracts accepted and perpetuated those images, they were taking a set of literary conventions for reality. Women, who wrote many of these early self-help guides, were now in the potentially awkward position of praising their own greater feeling and benevolence, rather than letting men praise these qualities in them. In some respects, men had already been doing that about men—feeling virtuous and pleased with themselves for their sympathy toward women. But when women, as the oppressed, began to praise women, the situation changed. Some men (and women) found this bad manners. Other women (and men), like Harriet Beecher Stowe, turned benevolently sentimental over the feelings of slaves, laborers and children. It's good to be sentimental, the nineteenth-century believed, but wrong to ask special consideration for your own delicate feelings. Thus, the more artful sentimentalist expressed his or her feeling through others.

The Sketch Book is most famous for containing "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," those minor masterpieces of yet another kind of sentimentality, sentimental humor. There Irving changes from weeping over mourning mothers and jilted maids to laughing at idle husbands and foolish swains, and his skillful manipulation of his readers' affections remains magical. Students of mine who easily spot what they think is the morbid sentimentality of a sketch like "Rural Funerals" think that "Rip Van Winkle" is a fine story because it shows that Irving "really appreciated the common man." But Irving condescends to Rip and Ichabod Crane and their friends in ways few people would like to be treated: they are "simple," "good-natured," "superstitious," "lazy" and "ragged" "poor fellows." Yet Irving's laughter at them is just as tender as his tears over the suffering mothers and sisters, and that good humor makes all the difference. Irving draws the readers into his own company of benevolent gentility, so that they feel flattered by the author rather than annoyed at how he is treating his characters.

So analyzed, Irving's humor may not appeal to all. The paradox of sentimentality is its combination of popular appeal and underlying conservative or condescending structures. The freshmen who adore "Rip Van Winkle" and other Irving sketches often fail to see how the gentlemanly narrators patronize the simple rural characters they praise. But historically, that genteel praise or humor and that effort to get inside the feelings of a supposed social inferior represented enormous progress from times when the poor were regarded as barely human buffoons. True, the benevolence was not fully disinterested: the sentimentalist looked forward to feeling good about himself. "Self-approving joy," as one called it, was among the sweetest of the pleasures of the heart, and no less alluring for being surrounded with the dangers of hypocrisy.

What happened in American writing after Irving's great popularity made his brand of sentimentality and gentility almost a national dream would take a long time to analyze. To trace it would require a literary history that was not limited to the so-called "major figures" but included many more women and popular writers. But it might be examined in terms of the lowering of the barrier between writer and subject found in novelists as disparate as Mark Twain and Sarah Orne Jewett. One way or another, by the end of the nineteenth century, sentimentality had passed from being primarily for ladies and gentlemen to being for everyone. □

The Poet of the 5:51

RICHARD TILLINGHAST

PEOPLE LIVE HERE: Selected Poems 1949–1983. *By Louis Simpson. B.O.A. Editions. 216 pp. $15.95. Paper $7.95.*

THE BEST HOUR OF THE NIGHT. *By Louis Simpson. Ticknor & Fields. 69 pp. $12.95. Paper $6.95.*

"It has come true," reads the first Louis Simpson poem that I encountered some twenty years ago,

> The journey and the danger of the world,
> All that there is
> To bear and to enjoy, endure and do.
> ("My Father in the Night Commanding No")

A fitting summary of Simpson's poetry. After reading his new book, *The Best Hour of the Night*, I want to add—sticking to the rhyme scheme—"suburbia too."

Having been from the beginning an admirably "impure" poet (to borrow Czeslaw Milosz's sly term for Whitman, Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, et al., as opposed to those modern poets who aspire to an art of "pure" imagination), Simpson has taken on the challenge of trying to make sense of contemporary life, from his soldiering experiences in World War II to American historical myths and realities—wherein "The Open Road goes to the used-car lot." Increasingly, he writes about ordinary characters and their everyday experiences. Simpson stoutly refuses the pressure from "purists" to force poetry into a limited and marginal role. The title of his selected poems, *People Live Here*, is an indication of this writer's determination to engage his imagination with characterization and plot. For him, as for Matthew Arnold, poetry has been a "criticism of life." Simpson has consistently chosen a large canvas, and this selection displays thirty-four years of work that is various, compassionate, committed and often astonishingly beautiful. He is adept enough—and I would say, humane enough (I take the will to communicate as a gauge of an artist's humanity)—to be clear and readable. If the rhetorical intensity of his poems slackens in the process, it should also be noted that their plainness of diction contributes to their directness.

Reading the more than 200 pages of *People Live Here*, one is struck both by the range of subject and treatment and by the unifying effect of Louis Simpson's voice and attitude on heterogeneous material. While capable of lyric rapture, the poet typically holds himself at some distance from his subjects and is by turns satirical, bemused, sorrowing, disdainful, sympathetic, wry. Yet to say that he *holds* himself at some distance is less accurate than to note that while sympathetic, Simpson seems by his very nature to be an outsider. He grew up in Jamaica, West Indies, with parents of

Richard Tillinghast's third book of poems, Our Flag Was Still There, *will be published next month by Wesleyan University Press.*

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Scottish and Russian descent; he was 17 before he moved to the United States. While he engages himself passionately with American life, at times it is as if the poet were an anthropologist from an alien culture observing American ways. Simpson was the alien Easterner in California, for instance, two decades before *Annie Hall*:

> Here I am, troubling the dream coast
> With my New York face,
> Bearing among the realtors
> And tennis-players my dark pre-occupation.
> ("In California")

And here is his account of certain Long Island folkways:

> There aren't too many alternatives.
> The couple sitting in the car
> will either decide to go home
> or to a motel.
> Afterwards, they may continue
> to see each other, in which case
> there will probably be a divorce,
> or else they may decide
> to stop seeing each other.
> ("Little Colored Flags")

The poet's attitude is deadpan, insistently noncommittal. In "American Classic" he addresses the issue of alienation:

> The feeling of being left out
> through no fault of your own, is common.
> That's why I say, an American classic.

The Best Hour of the Night reflects Simpson's increasing focus on life in the suburbs. "Suburbia" is a word that one rarely pronounces without sneering, but to dismiss or ignore it is to eliminate from consideration a significant slice of the American pie. As Robert Lowell put it, "History has to live with what was here." Someone who knew nothing of present-day America would get little idea of our life from most contemporary poetry. I often think of a student of mine some years ago who said, "I never feel completely at ease outside of Great Neck," and I can almost imagine her in a Simpson poem. His view of these briefcase-carriers, deal-strikers, Saturday-night poker players and village-meeting-goers combines detachment with a self-effacing sense of identification.

In his examination of *Homo suburbanus*, Simpson does not avoid the iffy area of morality. "Do you know the eleventh commandment?" Harry, one of his characters, asks. (The eleventh Commandment is "Don't get caught.") After Harry makes this remark, the poet, almost but not quite a straight man, notes coolly: "Then, as I recall, everyone laughs." Harry is later sent to prison for

> kickbacks, misapplication of funds,
> conspiracy, fraud, concealment, wire fraud,
> falsified books and records, and
> interstate transportation of stolen property.
> ("The Eleventh Commandment")

The poem concludes with the poet's dry comment on greeting Harry's young son after the father's removal: "'Hi there,' I say to him./What else do you say to a six-year-old?"

In staking out fresh material for his poetry, it is not surprising that Louis Simpson should feel the necessity of creating new or at least hybrid forms. This he has done notably in "The Previous Tenant," which is something like a short story in free verse. The form allows the writer to highlight certain details without being bound to the three-dimensional realism and continuity of traditional fiction. (While "post-modernist" fiction writers take the same kinds of formal liberties, of course, Simpson is not attracted by their interest in fantasy and "meta-realism.") The speaker rents a cottage where the previous tenant has left some of his belongings, and through conversations with the landlord and others, pieces together the story of an affair his predecessor had that caused him all sorts of trouble including the divorce that necessitated his moving into the cottage in the first place. It's a fascinating, skillfully spun tale in which we learn all sorts of different things about the characters involved, the speaker, the little suburban town in which the story is set and, finally, about American values.

If you cling to the impression that poetry is by nature obscure, forbidding and otherworldly, buy one of these books by Louis Simpson. You may be the only passenger on the 5:51 reading it, but you will feel a shock of recognition at poems that dare to come to terms with this country we live in—even though, as Simpson says in "Walt Whitman at Bear Mountain":

> . . . all the realtors,
> Pickpockets, salesmen, and the actors performing
> Official scenarios,
> Turned a deaf ear, for they had contracted
> American dreams. □

Jack and Jennie

JOSEPHINE HENDIN

THE TICKET OUT. *By Lucy Rosenthal. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 347 pp. $14.95.*

Lucy Rosenthal's first novel, *The Ticket Out*, is a love story that avoids ideological clichés about sexual liberation, female oppression or male tyranny. Placing herself inside the mind of her male protagonist, Jack Church, Rosenthal tells the story of his turbulent marriage. The result is a complex novel as critical and forgiving of both sexes as it is exact about the way some people love.

Jack Church tries to hold others together through emotional gestures: in support of a friend being fired by their firm, he quits his job; out of family feeling, he pushes his brother to marry his pregnant girlfriend. Jack makes more than a gesture when he marries Jennie, a secretary he sees as a child-woman he can protect, shape, enjoy. She seems eager on all counts. Yet the tighter he grips her, the quicker love slides away. Rosenthal's subject is the mystery of that slippage.

The shifting nuances of feeling between Jack and Jennie reveal a paradox: it is a lover's responsiveness, not rejection, that pushes a couple toward disgruntlement. From the moment Jennie accepts his offer of marriage to the shocking honeymoon scene in which Jack discovers he is upset by her sexual tastes, their union is a dilemma. Intimacy forces Jack to see his limitations: he is not tolerant and so not capable of closeness. As he barricades himself in anger, Jennie finds her own ways of warding him off. She comes down with minor flus, vaginal infections and sadness; she is hilariously unable to cook the simplest dinner. Her helplessness is a passive resistance to Jack, her way of meaning no while saying yes. Jennie and Jack are so alike in their ambivalences that their sheer similarity renders them incompatible.

Rosenthal's prose fully accommodates the ironies and subtleties of this

Josephine Hendin teaches English at New York University.

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relationship. Midwestern and colloquial in tone, it is meditative in its content and effects. As Jennie and Jack survey their bed after a long fight, he thinks:

> It had been made up, thank God, so that I could try to pretend that it was a different bed altogether, not the one on which we had so disastrously lain, separately and together, in the past hours, among the darkest of my life. I got undressed, climbed into pajamas, then lay back upon the fresh-smelling sheets. The bed had amplitude. Only a slight shift of the covers alerted me to the presence of the featherweight body beside me, close but not too close. I was grateful for the accident of this distance, and then I realized that it was her tact.

In such passages, Rosenthal expresses the emotions of a man who is as capable of appreciating a woman as he is unable to live with her, and as eager as he is fearful in his affections. It's a moving portrait of a divided heart.

Marriage as a loss of the illusion or belief that you can care or cope is a painful subject. But the pain is balanced here by the sensitivity and humor with which Jennie and Jack experience each other and by the exploration of an intimacy that may be impossible but is never insincere. Exploding expectations of how a tale of woeful love ought to end, Rosenthal's intelligent ironies suggest that love might survive, even if marriage fails. In her wry but optimistic view, love commands scalper's prices because it offers a ticket worth having. □

Deluxe Deceits

BONNIE TENNERIELLO

BOOK OF PERKS. *By James R. Baehler. St. Martin's Press. 229 pp. $13.95.*

Most of us tend to look furtively over our shoulders as we slide a personal letter through the office postage meter or stuff a few notepads into our purses. We can only imagine the luxurious extras—the perquisites, or perks—enjoyed by high-level business executives. James R. Baehler's *Book of Perks* gives us a chance to drool to our hearts' content.

Reading the book is like watching *The Six Wives of Henry VIII* on television, except that corporate royalty exists in the present. Baehler, who has been a member of the royal families of I.B.M., Macmillan, Xerox and CBS, does not cower before the rabble of corporate democrats, common shareholders and Securities and Exchange Commission watchdogs. He belongs to the Marie Antoinette school of management: one pictures him exclaiming, tongue only halfway in cheek, "Let them fly coach."

For most people, however, the taste of luxury will be doubly vicarious: Baehler does not address his guide to the good life to them, but to managers seeking to join the expense account elite. The tone is inspirational—"If somebody's going to grab that brass ring, why shouldn't it be you?"—and shamelessly hedonistic. After all, "self-denial is a worthy principle, but there should be limits to it."

Baehler plays strategist to high- and mid-level managers alike, providing them with a "shopping list" of perks and instructions for combating "the forces of evil," which may include company auditors, the I.R.S., one's boss, peers or subordinates, Congress, the courts or the S.E.C. The tone is upbeat and aggressive: "The enemy [i.e., the above-mentioned forces of evil] cannot be overwhelmed by muscle; it must be made impotent by wiliness."

Like most self-help writers, Baehler dots his pep talk with instructive anecdotes. From the case of Frank, who borrowed the company hotel suite for a lunchtime fling and surprised the company president in mid-fling himself, we learn the value of caution—and the creative uses to which such a suite can be put. Other anecdotes betray an irreverence bordering on cynicism or even lawlessness. One middle manager frequently flies across country on the cheapest night-flight available, acquires a bogus first-class receipt from a friendly travel agent and pockets the difference of $300 or so. Another acquired the wardrobe to become a vice president at the age of 35 by charging items of clothing on his company credit card and passing them off as business lunches and dinners. Some sense of propriety prevents Baehler from explicitly recom-

Bonnie Tenneriello is co-author with Mark Green of "From Pay to Perks to Parachutes: The Trouble with Executive Compensation," an upcoming report from The Democracy Project.

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mending either exec's course of action, but the joyous manner in which they are described makes you wonder.

Although the tone Baehler uses can often be taken for self-mockery or satire (as when he claims that certain perks serve to "separate anointed executives from the proletariat"), it's clear that conspicuous consumption has come out of the executive-suite closet. We are asked to admire Armand Hammer for spending $1.5 million of Occidental Petroleum's money to install four private dining rooms, a kitchen, a board room, a formal reception area and an art gallery, all with walnut-paneled walls and oak parquet floors, to be used by him and six top assistants. After all, "who is to say that a $4,000 Bokhara carpet is not essential to the serenity of mind needed to properly manage your business?" Some executives treat themselves to a penthouse suite at the San Francisco Hyatt, complete with butler, bar and brownies. "The price tag for these elegant digs is $600 a night but, what the hell, you only live once and it's time you stopped worrying about the company's cash flow." Baehler is so funny and frank that it is hard to take offense at his go-for-it philosophy—until we look at the jacket copy and discover that he's now leading seminars for the American Management Association. Is this the kind of expertise he gained at I.B.M.?

Baehler is unconcerned with the final cost of all the prizes in the "perks game." They are simply there for the taking. "Corporate perquisites . . . are like the stockings you hung up each Christmas for Santa. A few items protrude, but underneath is a host of goodies that can only be guessed at. The purpose of this book is to help you dig down into the pile of goodies to find those you want and to offer some guidelines on getting and keeping them." In reality, of course, "Santa" turns out to be the company's stockholders, and the stocking is their collective purse. The stockholders may not be aware that Baehler's protégés are rummaging through that purse, but if they are, they probably aren't saying, "Ho, ho, ho." □

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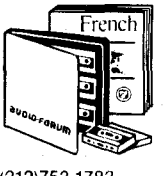

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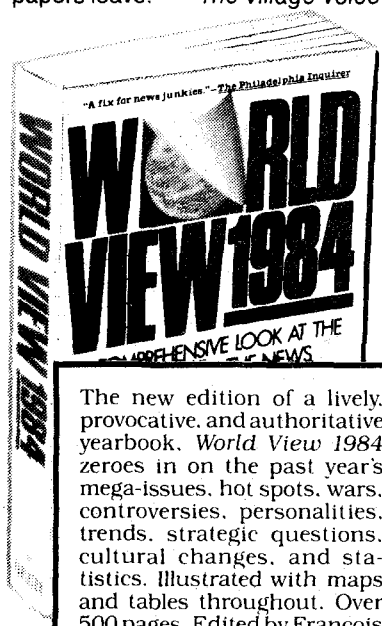

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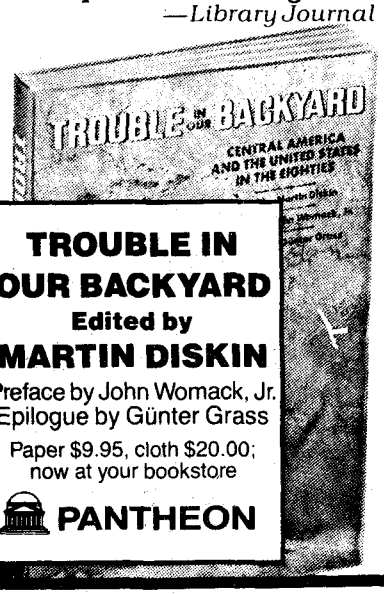

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MUSIC.

LINDA SANDERS

Baroque Recordings

Although the novelty of Baroque music performed with original instruments has faded, its decline has been paralleled by a rise in quality. Less often is it necessary to settle for "correctness": as talented musicians enter the field in greater numbers, the playing has become more imaginative as well as technically sophisticated. This may eventually leave "modern" performances of Baroque music in a kind of no man's land. But for now there are still plenty of musicians who manage too well for the instrument to figure into the discussion at all.

Christopher Hogwood, one of England's finest period-instrument performers, leads The Academy of Ancient Music through the twelve concertos of Vivaldi's "The Contest between Harmony and Invention" (Op. 8) in a beautifully produced L'Oiseau-Lyre edition (D279D 2). It is one of those rare instances in which the performance and the liner notes combine in an entertaining and instructive whole. Hogwood provides an excellent essay, directing our attention to Vivaldi's contest between "the rational side of music and the imaginative," a rivalry which the performance reproduces.

Renditions of "The Four Seasons," which comprises the first four concertos, are routinely pretty, vivacious and rowdy—even Trevor Pinnock's exceptional performance with The English Concert on Archiv (2534 003—10) manages that much and no more, for all its tart ferocity—but the Hogwood performance has wit and warmth. It's whimsical, naïve, fantastic and clever. Not merely the harpsichord but chamber organ, theorbo, archlute and Baroque guitar are employed for color and stress; peculiarities, like a pronounced bass, abound. The ensemble is having fun with this music; consequently, it is both more interesting and more plausible than most of the Vivaldi we hear.

La Petite Bande, another of the better original-instrument groups, has fun of a different sort with Bach on their recording of the Four Orchestral Suites (Pro-Arte, 2PAD-205). These suites often seem to be regarded as poor relations of the glamorous Brandenburg Concertos. Played with the same energetic Italian sparkle, they appear slight and a little dowdy. But under the direction of violinist Sigiswald Kuijken, La Petite Bande finds the insinuating, subtly flirtatious tendencies in these French dance suites—tendencies to which many Bach performers remain all but pathologically insensible—and the works emerge in all their stylish worldliness.

Finally, there is Yo-Yo Ma's set of Bach's Unaccompanied Cello Suites (CBS, 13M 37867). At this point there is little question that Yo-Yo Ma is a spectacular talent: one of the rare breed of performers whose way with the instrument is so remarkable that the musical approach (and sometimes the music itself) is of secondary interest. Extravagant comparisons to Heifetz, Horowitz and Rostropovich come to mind, but Ma's playing hardly resembles theirs. If he has spiritual ancestors, they are Mozart and Fred Astaire, with their pure luminous grace that transcends all infelicities.

Like the violin sonatas and partitas, the cello suites represent a form of exquisite torture for performer and listener alike: movements that masquerade as charming dance miniatures relentlessly and systematically expose the player's abilities. Cellists who wish to retain their normal life expectancy aim for meditative profundity. It is a good deal easier than elegance and charm, allowing as it does for convenient tenutos on difficult string crossings, erratic rhythms and broken triple-stop chords which sound, as one cruelly honest brass-player friend of mine pointed out, like "scrrr-ratch, scrrr-RATCH!"

Ma, however, makes the suites dance. In the First (G major) the sound is heavenly; he plays so naturally it's as if he were making it up as he goes along. He seems to be more at home with some of the movements (chiefly the Minuets and Bourrées, all gorgeous) than with others (like the Gigues, all of which are inexplicably heavy). Overall, only the Third and Fourth Suites are a little disappointing, the Third because a few movements are fast and he isn't drawing sound as well as he might; the Fourth because no one ever seems to bring that one off, particularly its strange Rhein-

Linda Sanders's articles and reviews have appeared in Saturday Review, The New York Times *and other publications.*

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goldish prelude. The Second and Fifth have the appropriate minor-key sobrieties; the Sixth's prelude is heady and garrulous, its Gavotte, superb. In short, it is music making of the warmest and most engaging sort, and a genuine pleasure to listen to. I don't think I could say as much about any other recording of these pieces. □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

American Ballet Theatre's new "Cinderella" looked belabored and mirthless at its world premiere in Washington's Kennedy Center in December—as if no one on stage believed in it. At subsequent performances, however, the timing was sharper and the action more confidently shaped, and something like fantasy began to shine through the gloom. A.B.T. is touring "Cinderella" on its annual circuit of the country prior to its New York City season at the Metropolitan Opera House in late spring, and choreographers Mikhail Baryshnikov and Peter Anastos are apparently continuing to tinker with the work, to good effect. The cuts and revisions they made in Washington quickened the general pace and improved the narrative flow. At a matinee, the children around me knew exactly what was going on. (They especially enjoyed the scenes of wrangling between Cinderella's two Stepsisters, performed by men in drag in the manner of English pantomime, and on point in the manner of Les Ballets Trockadéro de Monte Carlo, for which Anastos used to choreograph.) Over most of its two hours and forty-five minutes, "Cinderella" tells a clear story. By the time it reaches New York, it may also offer integrity of tone.

What makes the tone a problem now are the very elements that could give the ballet life. Set to almost the full Prokofiev score and embellished with a few dances from other Prokofiev compositions, the ballet follows the general contour of the 1945 three-act Bolshoi libretto, but the specifics devised by Baryshnikov and Anastos are unique. A hearthside cat is made a dancing character, and Cinderella performs a classical pas de deux with him, more intimate and charming than either of her pas de deux with the Prince. Parallel moments show both Cinderella and the Prince scornful of their environments. In the third act, the Prince has two expertly fashioned interludes with potential wives. One takes place at the house of a merchant whose three daughters nag the hero for a crack at the slipper. The physical comedy is danced as well as mimed: one brilliant section parodies what might be called "blind" partnering—ways for the man to support the woman while appearing to elude her, a device one sees put to serious use in such Balanchine ballets as "Orpheus." The second interlude, an encounter with a masked lady and her two male escorts in a garden, is agreeably restless and unpredictable. It is more exciting to see the false Cinderella unmask herself than, later, to watch the real heroine wait to be recognized.

"Cinderella" is often stinging or affecting when it evokes other choreographers—Balanchine, Ashton (maker of a lovely "Cinderella" himself). The context for these backward glances is always surprising and appropriate to the action. They constitute a kind of subtext, a declaration of taste. This sense of choreography as *hommage* recalls previous ballets by Anastos ("Yes, Virginia, Another Piano Ballet") and Baryshnikov's staging for A.B.T. of Petipa/Soviet dance spectacles ("The Nutcracker," "Don Quixote"). A challenge the choreographers, and dancers, have yet to meet is to invest the allusions with a visceral fire to complement their intellectual glow.

The moments of transformation, for instance, are thrown away, and each time I watched it happen the work iced over for me. Cinderella is a tale of many things, but surely the theme of dramatic revelation is among the most important. The ache of poetry begins in the transitions: the beggar woman as she becomes the Fairy Godmother; Cinderella as she turns from scullery maid to princess, from princess back to maid. But in this ballet, the metamorphoses are unshaped and unstressed. The beggar woman/Fairy Godmother has a wonderful bit before her transformation when, having received a bread crust from Cinderella, she glides toward the hardhearted Stepsisters and Stepmother, then puffs up in triumph as they worm down in their chairs. But her actual transformation amounts to little more than throwing off a cloak to show she's wearing a gossamer dress and point shoes.

In the score, Cinderella's transformation for the ball is accomplished by indirection: a *divertissement* for the four seasons plays on the tick-tock rhythms of passing time, which build

BOB HOPE PLAYS ARMAGEDDON

"Hi, everybody! Hey, I don't know about you, but *Armageddon outta here*! Ha, ha!

"No, seriously, it's not safe aboveground. And it's downright dangerous if it's that ground *zero* we're talking about!

"I mean it, really! That's what's left of the ground: Zero! Zilch! Except for the cockroaches! Those little *devils*! Ha, ha! And speaking of devils, that Andropov can drop off *anytime he wants*, don't you think?

"Well, you know, I've brought along a friend of mine—at least she was until she threw up all over my shoes—Cathy Lee Crosby is right here! Cathy? Come on, everybody, let's give her a hand!

"Hey! Put that back! I meant *applause*, dummy! That *belonged* to somebody! Let's leave the show of hands for later!

"You know, Armageddon isn't really all that bad, considering we never had an *Alarmageddon*. I'm serious.

"Let's look at the figures—The Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders! Huh? Am I right? Don't let anybody tell you there aren't any great world bodies left! Hoo!

"Uh-uh! No touching! No touching! These girls are gorgeous, though. Huh? Am I lying? Hoo! How do you spell relief? D-A-M-E-S! Yas, sir!

"You know, you people, seeing your faces, I'm sure Ronnie appreciates what you're doing down here. He knows you're not malingering—just *lingering*! Ho, ho!

"Hey! You're all giving an *Armandalegeddon*. Whe-ew! That was a joke? That was a *paragraph*!

"Well, that's a wrap. I leave you down here in the bowels—Golly, I don't believe I *said* that!—of the late planet Earth, and I promise to be back at the very next end of everything: *Re-armageddon*! Yas, sir!"

Hugo Flesch

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up suspense for the Fairy Godmother's spell. At A.B.T. there are four classic-style dances—three for women, one for men. The choreography is efficient but without dynamism. One wonders why the dances have been staged; the heroine has no need of them. Cinderella, having changed offstage into a rose dress so delicate it seems to have been put together from a blush and spun glass, unemphatically returns and is swept away by a "coach" of dancers. Again, the sweeping is a wonderful moment, but it occurs after the significant instant of narrative emotion.

At the ball, it's the same story. The clock, oddly positioned near the proscenium arch where none of the stage characters who stare at it could logically see it, lights up and "strikes" midnight. In the darkened ballroom, a line of jogging merrymakers snakes among the crowd. Suddenly, Cinderella's dress detaches itself from her body and flies on a visible string into the heavens: the girl, denuded and hunched, is practically blown from view. But the whole effect is hasty, insecure. The dress sails away neither fast enough nor slow enough to thrill; the merrymakers are weakly defined; and Cinderella, instead of holding still for a moment so we can register her bad fortune, seems to shrink to nothing before we can see the full extent of what's occurred.

I'll wait to write about the dancing in detail until the production reaches New York, when the five pairs of Cinderellas and their Princes have had time to deepen their partnerships. The dancers at all ranks performed with fair assurance at the performances I saw, but none of the Cinderellas and only two of the Princes, Patrick Bissell and Kevin McKenzie, were entirely in command. The Prince's role is full of exciting and ambitious technical drama: enormous jumps are suddenly pared to pinpoint batterie; a vigorous propulsion forward is suddenly rechanneled upward; a full-chested presentation flicks to a retreat. (It's still unclear whether Baryshnikov will dance the Prince in New York.)

Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes give the feeling of opulence bred from oppression. The rich silks seem to have been beaten from mined ore, the ballroom looks like a gilded view of a Piranesi prison. When the performers are tentative, Loquasto's designs acquire undue prominence. Cinderella's hearth, with its array of wittily timed movable parts, exhibits more personality than the Fairy Godmother. It would be more magical the other way around. □

GREED AND AGGRESSION

Someone in Quaker meeting talks about greed and aggression
and I think of the way I lay the massive
weight of my body down on you
like a tiger lying down in gluttony and pleasure on the
elegant heavy body of the eland it eats,
the dark spiral horn pointing to the sky like heaven.
All that ecstasy has been given to the tiger,
forced into its nature the way the
forcemeat is cranked down the throat of the held goose,
it cannot help it, hunger and the glory of
eating packed at the center of each
tiger cell, for the life of the tiger and the
making of new tigers, so there will
always be tigers on the earth, their stripes like
stripes of night and stripes of fire-light—
if they had a God it would be striped,
burnt-gold and black the way if
I had a God it would renew itself the
way you live and live while I take you as if
consuming you while you take me as if
consuming me, it would be a God of
love as complete satiety,
greed and fullness, aggression and fullness, the
way we once drank at the body of an animal
until we were so happy we could only
faint, our mouths running, into sleep.

Sharon Olds

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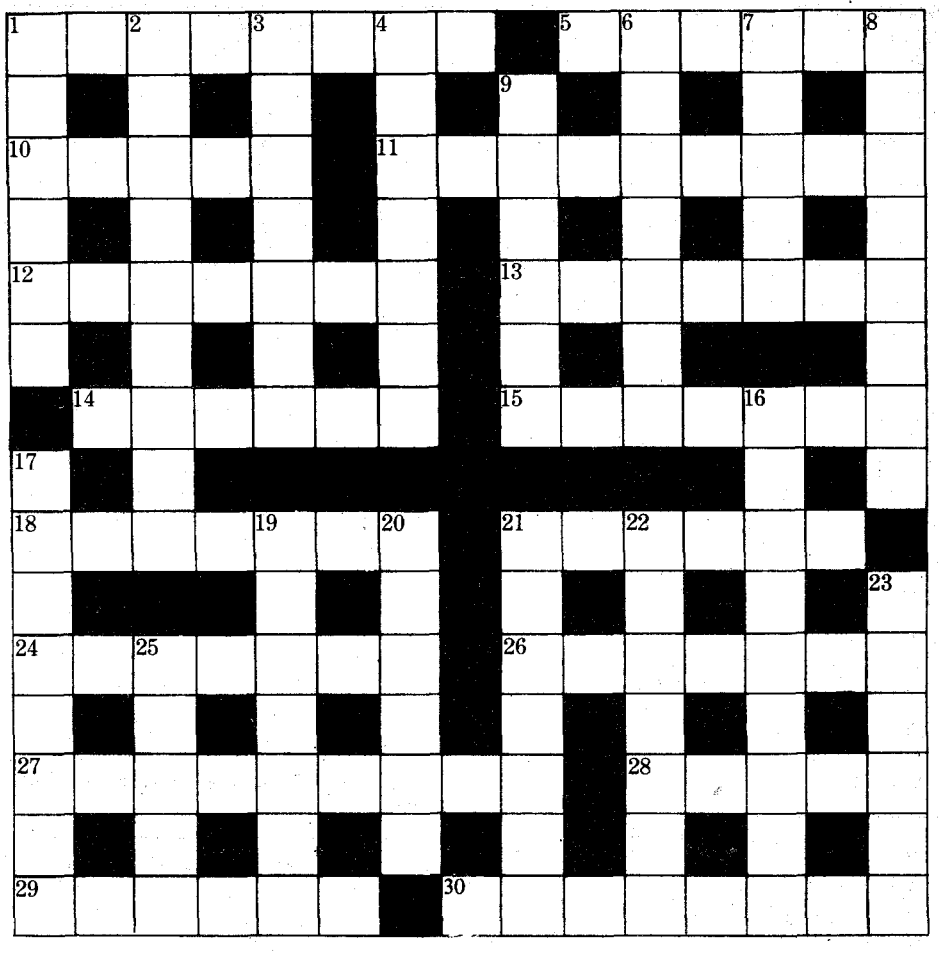
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 After going in, the man gets money for his lodgings, permanent and inseparable. (8)
5 Sort of ask Mr. Kennedy what Brinker did! (6)
10 Castles in the air at times? (5)
11 Might be embraced as an answer here, though numbered among Tarkington novels. (9)
12 China has to look at something first, appearing to be so. (7)
13 You might have heard this walk during WW II like an animal shaking the tail-end. (7)
14 Gray, as the English put it, with the little newspaper man in what might be rather grasping. (6)
15 What some did to Ellington and Wayne, by implication. (7)
18 The sort of worker that takes a plane, to speak extravagantly. (7)
21 Beer is better just where you might go to work. (6)
24 Rose to find one expected to be out for a casual walk. (7)
26 I have a little talk around it, but still pine for this, possibly. (7)
27 What she has on might barely do so. (5,4)
28 Sluggish by nature? It might be what you call a real gas! (5)
29 A plea for the tenor to perform might be giving him a taste of his own medicine. (6)
30 Abridges irregular army commands. (8)

DOWN

1 Fools are sometimes said to do it back to front with an influx of it. (6)
2 Stolen carpet possibly winding up in the craft center? (6,3)
3 Rather unsettled, due to the remainder I have. (7)
4 For example, what the powerless have around it might be a bunch of flowers! (7)
6 Proving mink's an odd thing to discover in a relative sense. (7)
7 Cohan's over this was well known to be at that place. (5)
8 One of these could be tender, and is hinged differently. (8)
9 Let's get it straight about a famous day of victory! (Figure to be nice this way?) (6)
16 Support the entire group of runners, being usually found behind the line. (9)
17 Held closely in cambered position. (8)
19 Necessary to keeping a balance in the bank, or in making a roll? (7)
20 How to start making pie with a vegetable? (6)
21 Concerned with kissing? This is! (7)
22 Foil one of the things used here while also enclosing things. (7)
23 Possibly traces cases for shipping firms. (6)
25 Perhaps made on board like some sort around five. (5)

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